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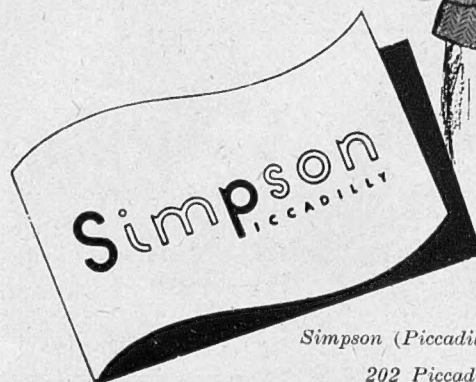
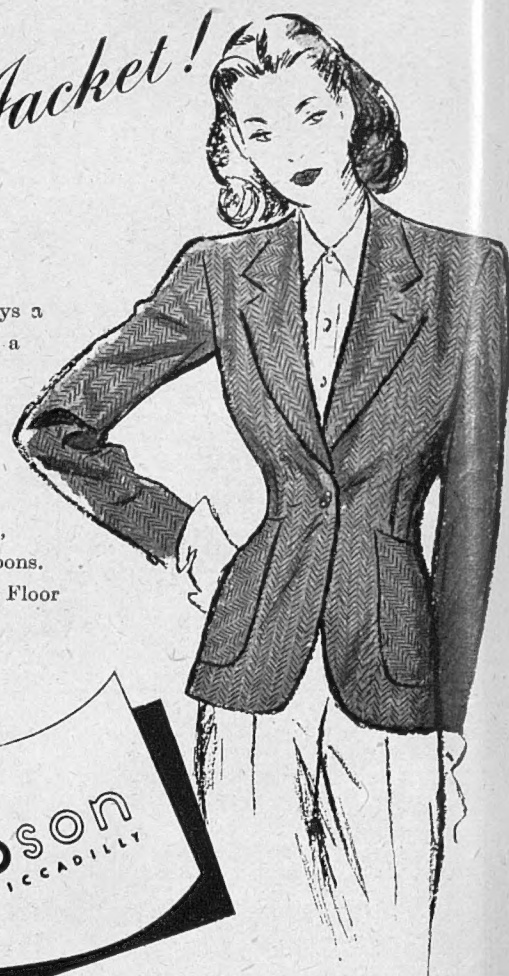
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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



Bassano

LADY MARY ANNE BYNG WITH HER SON RUPERT

Lady Mary Anne Byng, eldest daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Moray, was married to Mr. Leonard Byng in 1945. Her father died in 1943 and was succeeded by his brother, the present Earl. This picture of Lady Mary with her son Rupert Wingfield Byng was taken at their charming home in Brompton Square, Chelsea



PORTRAIT IN PRINT



James Agate

READERS will have heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. James Agate, who for eighteen years wrote criticisms of films for this journal. His last notice appeared under its usual heading of "At The Pictures" in our issue of June 11.

I have asked Mr. Anthony Cookman, who knew him much better than I, to write an obituary notice and this is printed immediately below. I should, however, on my own behalf, like to say a word or two about this remarkable journalist whose passing is a severe blow to me as an Editor and to every TATLER subscriber interested in and enlivened by his work.

He had been ailing for some time, but simply refused to give up or make his poor health a reason for not writing "At The Pictures." He conceived it a duty to keep the column going despite great physical pain and mental anguish. Of such stuff is the master of this craft made, and for this quality, apart from those others readily, generously and rightly accorded him, I respected James Agate most.

I see no quick and easy way of replacing him; men of his ability and integrity are rare. While they are with us they fill the stage and lift up our hearts and minds; when they depart a gap is left which seems never to shrink even with the passing years. S. F.

OUR lament, today is for the loss of a friend of many years standing. We are not thinking of a boon companion, but of something much better, of that personification of friendliness some artists are able to create for us in their writings, so that, week by week it may be, we see through their eyes, use their learning and wit and apparently inexhaustible high spirits as though these advantages were our own and come to count on their regular availability. Of this order of artists Agate was a conspicuous modern example.

He was distinguished from others in the same order by having within him a spring of delight which responded to an extraordinarily rich diversity of things. The spring was touched by plays and books, whether French or English, by horses, boxers, theatrical history, fast bowlers, champagne, Southend, poetry, genius in bud, in bloom or in autumnal glory, people of all sorts, fine quotable sentences, music, wit, irony and by a wondrous gallimaufry of things that men of less concentrated purpose than his own are apt to dismiss as "immanent toys." His subject in this journal might be the cinema, but if the films of the week chanced to be impossibly trivial he unhesitatingly trusted his own guiding sense of delight, and it might lead him to the links and his "one faultless round," to Bernhardts or to the ponies. Those who read Agate only on the cinema were in a fair way to know most of his views on every subject under the sun.

WITH this hair-trigger sense of enjoyment he might have grown into a rather shocking old hedonist, but, luckily for us, nature, which gave him the capacity to experience all these incongruous joys, also gave him a passionate desire to communicate them to the world. He was a prodigious worker and spared no pains in the making of a style which, ruefully as he would measure it against the standards set by the masters whose laurels he assiduously watered, was remarkable for its sustained vivacity and humour, atmosphere and gusto. It was unfailingly readable and could on occasion bring off one of the most difficult of literary feats, the reproduction in the reader's mind of some authentic blaze of theatrical genius. He could make you feel the greatness of an Irving, a Bernhardt, a Duse.

There must also be mentioned something else which gave this essayist character and point and helped to mark him out among his contemporaries. One part of the pageant of life which touched the spring of delight in him, and that more certainly than anything else outside of the theatre, was the astonishing romance of his own professional career. He saw his career much as Arnold Bennett saw his—with the cool detachment of an artist shaping something to a pre-conceived plan and with the naïve excitement of a spectator who beheld with bated breath how well the plan was working. The pushing young Manchester salesman of grey cloth had become one of London's most formidable dramatic critics, a literary personality with an immense public; and to be recognizably in the line of succession to Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Shaw, Archer and Walkey was a great adventure. He was determined not only to play the part, which he did magnificently, but to dress the part, to assume the becoming, the piquant attitude.

HERE he met with only a qualified success, but the partial failure was not altogether his fault. When he had achieved notability, in the years between the wars, the London to which he would have liked to belong was already passing away. Already people were in too much of a hurry either to pose elaborately themselves or to appreciate the elaborate poses of the exceptional. Agate's nature, I should add, was quite aggressively free from humbug, and his pose was less a pose than an artistic heightening of the natural self, the gay assertion of a very tenable belief that style adds to the fun of our fugitive existence. He liked to think of the Café Royal as his spiritual home, but had he figured there in the days of the aesthetes we can be fairly certain that, much as he would have relished the atmosphere, his bowler would still have modified the elegant effect of his malacca and the checks he affected would have suggested the stables rather than the studios. As Sir Osbert Sitwell once remarked of his friend, Agate's was the straw-in-mouth pose of the groom, not the straw-in-hair pose of the poet.

In the self portrait drawn by him in his eight-volumed running autobiography the display of personality is singularly complete. The impression given was that Agate had put pretty well the whole

of himself into his work, and that work—play, film and book reviewing, debating in public and in private, diarizing, corresponding—is indeed sufficiently various to leave neither him nor anyone else much time to grope analytically after the "inmost secret self." Most of the entries in *Ego* turned upon the day's work. They were "shop," good literary and theatrical "shop," and when he told us how this or that piece of work was done the well-known gusto seemed somehow freer from affectation than when he described his relaxations.

AGATE, then, as I saw him, was a period character without a period. He was made a little sad, I fancy, by the tendency of his principal colleagues in the theatre to underplay their (to him) illustrious parts, and no doubt his eye fell gratefully on the naval cloak worn by Mr. Charles Morgan when he was dramatic critic to *The Times*. I must not, however, even in this brief appreciation, give the impression that Agate was a mere playboy. He was a character and consciously enjoyed being one, but leaving out of account his literary achievements as essayist and diarist, he was, in my view, a great dramatic critic.

In this character he was of set purpose provocative. Naturally he had his detractors. He was not objective enough for them. They spoke of him disparagingly as the master of the French quotation and complained that he was prone to air his own obsessions at the expense of the play or players he was supposed to be considering. No honest reading of his collected notices can support this belittlement: the remarkable thing about them is the directness with which he goes, like a terrier after a rat, for the play's fundamental idea whenever he encounters a play which has a fundamental idea. To Agate objective criticism was perilous. It led, he suspected, to pedantry and pretentiousness, certainly to a dullness which he abhorred. He was in youth the devoted pupil of Montague of the *Manchester Guardian*; and Montague, writing many years ago, put his finger on the enduring quality of his pupil's criticism. "Art," he wrote, "is about oneself; Mr. Agate is all the better reading to me because he affects no judicial detachment or scientific impersonality. He tinges everything that he describes with the humours of his own mind, and so the thing described comes out better and more likely to stick in the reader's head, as a character does in a novel when he is described by some vivid person in the story, and not by the mere impersonal author. Enjoyment of art, dramatic or other, can only be taught by example, and Mr. Agate is a famous enjoyer."

IT is as that, a famous enjoyer of art, and indeed of life itself, that he will be missed by thousands who knew only his writings; and for his colleagues there will be no more of those impish little shocks which it amused him to spring upon them and no more of those touching, incalculable generousities which came from a character fundamentally sincere, sensitive and humane.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

George Bilainkin.

CONCLUDING HIS MIDDLE EAST VISIT

EGYPT—One of the most expectant moments at the end of a stimulating visit to the leaders of the reawakening Arab world was my reception by that highly elusive personage who is the hero of about seventy million Arabs around the Mediterranean area, whose name has flashed round the world for over a quarter of a century. For ten years the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al Husseini, has caused endless wonderment and concern to official Britain. His recent movements have been wrapped in uncertainty. Reports published in the newspapers suggested that he was now in the capital of Lebanon or Syria, now Iraq or Persia, now Germany or Italy, then Croatia, and last of all, France.

However, this much is certain: during the Arab troubles in Palestine ten years ago the Mufti disappeared, and since then he has been wandering about the earth.

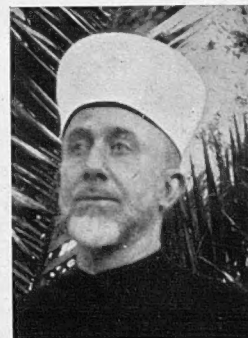
My taxi-cab driver, to whom I had given mysterious directions, first a railway station, then a turning, laughed uproariously. When we reached the street he asked for the number of the house. I replied "Thirteen." Glancing back he said, "You want the Mufti! Why didn't you just say, 'I want the Grand Mufti?'"

Slowly, for the first time, I realized that the address did not represent to the driver, as it had done to me, a closely guarded secret.

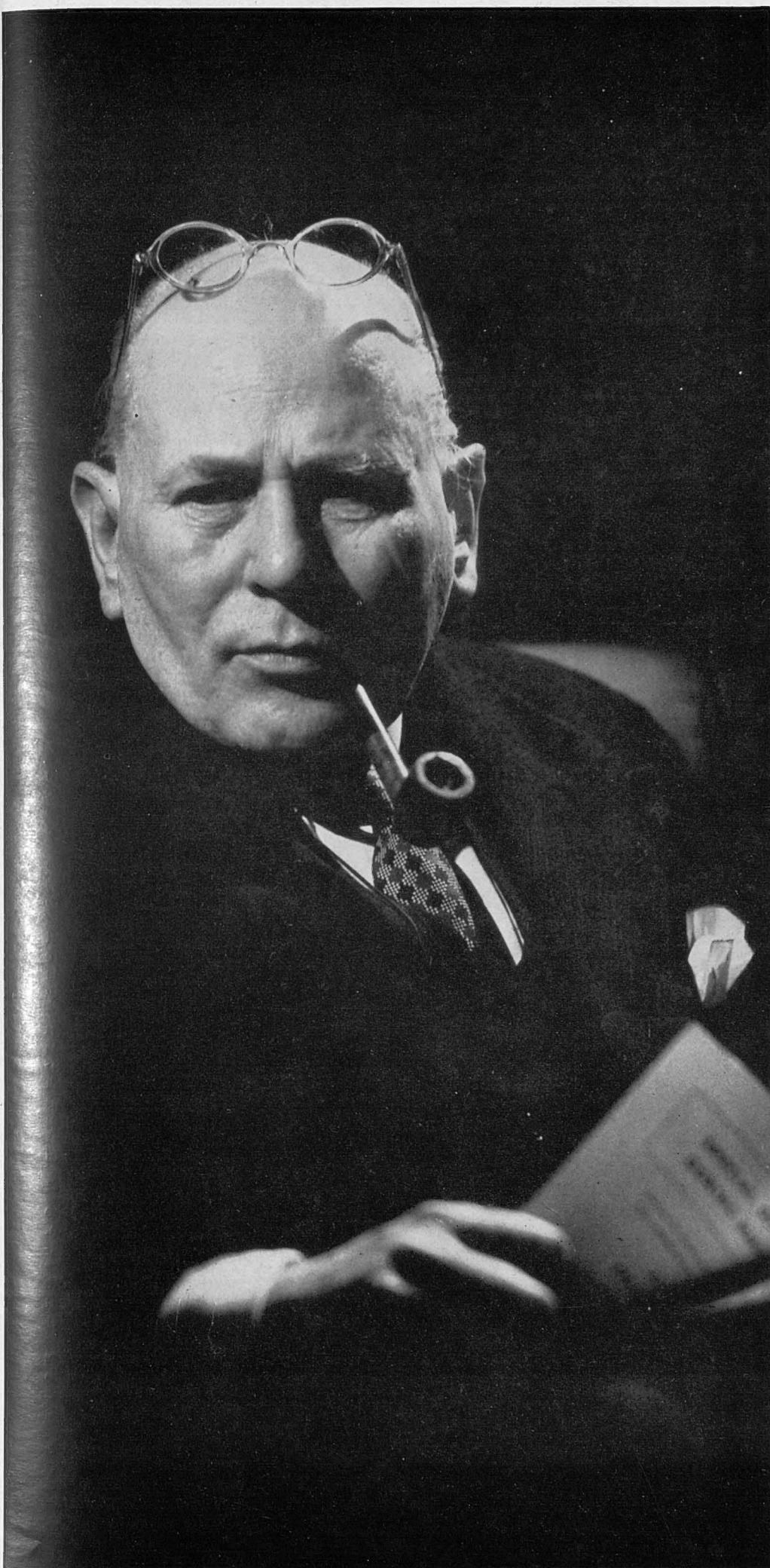
For a moment I stood outside the imposing home, with its palms and shrubs, and glanced at the plain-clothes guards on a bench, and the armed representative of the Mufti's host, Egypt, standing at attention. They asked my name, and after a brief consultation sent an emissary to the house, along a wide, well-kept path. An English-speaking young man came out, politely bade me enter and I was shown into a comfortable drawing-room where the Quoran was prominently displayed on a big stand in the far corner, amid heavily cushioned crimson armchairs and settees. There we had coffee. Suddenly the young men attendants rose, and His Eminence, wearing a well-cut, newly ironed black robe slowly entered. His head was covered with a white, Turkish-style imama, and his walk, though leisurely and dignified, had the decision of a man of action.

Haj Amin beckoned me to an adjoining room, smaller, more elegantly furnished. His nephew, Haidar Husseini, who speaks English, sat with us, though his services as an interpreter were hardly needed, for the Mufti is a fluent French scholar, having studied in Cairo, Jerusalem and Istanbul. He has been on the world stage twenty-seven years, and I could scarcely believe he is only forty-eight. His lips are firm, his speech slow and quiet. His reddish beard, here and there greying, is neatly pointed. His face is studiously immobile, his creamy-white, unspoiled hands rest pleasantly, and the brown eyes sometimes seem greyish-blue. They dwell on the visitor speculatively, without a flicker.

To Haj Amin the Arab world listens for advice, and maybe orders. Amid the comforts of Egypt, and they are many, he seems lonely and yearns to go home to Palestine. My British friends ask, "Should he be allowed to return?" Meanwhile time is on the wing and in the garden are the Mufti's friends from Palestine and Egypt. The Arabs are tired of promises and laugh at the United States angrily. Maybe a struggle awaits the exhausted world once again.



*Haj Amin Al Husseini
Grand Mufti of Jerusalem*



The Doyen of Dramatic Critics

Angus McBean



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Somerset Maugham's cynical and witty dialogue and Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This Naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

Edward My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley philosophizes on marriage in a series of stylish charades, and Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans play many parts delightfully.

The Play's the Thing (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

"Angel" (Strand). Mary Hayley Bell's new play is based on the Constance Kent murder trial in 1865. A brilliant performance from Joyce Redman in the leading part.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious musical from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Song and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

The Bird-Seller (Palace). This charming operetta about romantic complications at the court of an Empress has Richard Tauber conducting, Irene Ambrus, James Etherington, Adele Dixon and Douglas Byng singing.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's musical and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Two Little Angels, We: Whitney (Peter Thomas) and Harlan (Brian Parker) appear impeccable children to the Rev. D. Lloyd (Douglas Jefferies), while the heart of mother (Sophie Stewart) swells with justified pride as she surveys her offspring



Father (Leslie Banks), the household tyrant who is constantly being defeated by his seemingly ineffective wife's masterly wiles

At the

"Life with Father"

THIS comedy, based on Clarence Day's sketches in the *New Yorker* of American family life on Madison Avenue in the eighties, opened in New York in 1939 and is still running. I shall be surprised if it breaks any records in this country.

There is gently enjoyable entertainment, no more. The very simplicity of the thing works against us, for it is somehow more difficult to share the simple tastes of other peoples than to relish their sophistications. For caviare and vodka, whisky, cocktails and *bouillabaisse* there is a welcome everywhere, but such simple things as tea or coffee make a man suddenly remember the pit whence he was quarried.

A broad-minded American can perhaps guess why the English like tea, but his appreciation of what Colley Cibber called its "glorious insipidity" is purely intellectual. So, I have no doubt, English audiences will perceive why Americans have doted on a comedy which to nine out of ten of them is tenderly redolent of the underlying humour of the homes they knew as children—homes dominated by the dictatorial and affectionate father and the sweetly obedient mother who always had her own way in the long run. They are the more pleased with the entertainment because it is as unsophisticated as the smell of breakfast-time coffee; but, alas, the coffee is not made our way. Accordingly, it just fails to touch our nostalgic sense.

ANOTHER reason for our lukewarm response. It should by this time have been borne in upon Mr. Firth Shephard that plays imported from Broadway need, as a rule, American acting and, above all, American methods of production. *Arsenic and Old Lace* was exceptional, not only because the quality of its humour, being fantastic, was more or less unlocalized, but because it arrived here in an hour propitious for success.

This importation, though it has a long cast as befits the elaboration of its period domestic setting, really depends on only two characters.



"Meet The Family": Clarence, the eldest son (Rowland Bartrop), introduces his inamorata Mary Skinner (Dorothy Gordon) to brother John (Phillip Hillman) and Cousin Cora (Diana Beaumont), to the manifest disapproval of Annie (Joy O'Neill)

Sketches by
Tom Tilt

Theatre

(Savoy Theatre)

One of them has to proceed, like a motor bicycle, by a series of explosions, and Mr. Leslie Banks is the least explosive of actors.

Naturally he underplays Father in the English way of polite comedy and is quietly amusing when the stage cries out for something atomic. Mother is left to play most of the duet; and I confess I cannot see how, even under a posse of American producers, Miss Sophie Stewart's performance could be bettered. All the wiles of this adorably inconsequent woman clearly spring from true love. She wins few battles, but ultimate victory is inevitably hers.

WITH endearing grace she endures the interminable procession of maids frightened out of the house by father's tantrums. When he has reached the verge of blasphemy she merely closes the big sliding doors, as though gently to exclude the Recording Angel. To the regular ordeal of the household accounts she brings deliciously feminine ideas of arithmetic and is beautifully patient while they are harried by father's brutal masculine ideas of the same science.

But one day, in a fit of temper, he lets slip the fact that he has never been baptized. She pales with holy horror, and we know that stamp and rage and curse and yell as Father may, Father must sooner or later bow to her will. Technicalities may not matter in Heaven, but there can be no domestic peace on earth, at all events on Madison Avenue in the eighties, without their due observance.

Life With Father largely turns on the comedy of his baptism, and to this comedy Mr. Douglas Jefferies contributes a neat sketch of the Episcopalian minister with a lively eye on the business of his church. The well-disciplined family of copper-heads is little more than background decoration but, like the rest of the decorations, it is carefully and amusingly arranged.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Mother (Sophie Stewart), who correctly believes that the cobweb and not the chain is the right instrument for subduing a raging patriarch

BACKSTAGE



HAPPY in the knowledge that in *Bless the Bride* he has scored one of his greatest successes C. B. Cochran has been spending his first holiday for two years at Hythe. Despite "slump" talk business has been remarkable at the Adelphi, the stalls comparable with pre-war smartness in the way of stiff shirt-fronts and evening frocks.

The King and Queen with the Princesses have been recent visitors and others have included the Earl and Countess of Halifax, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Viscount Hinchinbrooke, Lady Worsley and the Sultan of Johore.

The stage has been well represented, too. Cicely Courtneidge was an early visitor and so was Richard Tauber. Ivor Novello was enchanted with the show and said he would be back again to see it many times during the run. The success of Georges Guétary has attracted many French patrons.

JAMES BRIDIE's new play shortly to be seen in the West End is a psychological thriller entitled *Dr. Angelus* and is set in a Glasgow surgery in the year 1919. Alastair Sim, star of the last three Bridie plays, *Mr. Bolfrey*, *It Depends What You Mean* and *The Forrigan Reel*, will be seen in the title role and he is also producing the play which opens a preliminary tour at Edinburgh next Monday.

George Cole, a youthful actor who was an overnight success with Alastair Sim in *Cottage to Let* six years ago, will have a leading part as the young doctor partner of Dr. Angelus.

LEE EPHRAIM's production of the musical play *The Chinese Nightingale* by Sax Rohmer and composer Kennedy Russell, due at the Princes next month, will introduce the Metropolitan Opera star Mimi Benzell in the leading role. She is only twenty-three and, like the other young American opera singer, Virginia MacWatters is extremely beautiful. She has, in fact, been elected as a New York beauty queen.

WENDY TOYE, who has followed her success as producer of *Big Ben* and *Bless the Bride* with her performance as the soubrette in *Annie Get Your Gun* at the Coliseum, tells me that she has gone back to acting in order to have the experience of being produced by an American director of Broadway repute, and she is delighted to have gained such valuable knowledge under the guidance of Helen Tamaris who is responsible for the slick work in this engaging show.

Miss Tamaris has returned the compliment by expressing her admiration for the production and dance arrangements of the Adelphi success.

OVER 60,000 playgoers have so far visited the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon this season, among them patrons from some forty countries. They have included directors and artists from the national theatres of Greece, Finland, Sweden, Belgium and Turkey.

Four Turkish actors and actresses from the National Theatre in Ankara were so impressed with what they saw that they entertained the Stratford players with scenes from *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* in Turkish.

A YOUNG London doctor, Ronald Wilkinson, is the author of *Mountain Air*, a light and frivolous comedy which is due for West End production shortly. It is his first play and was very successful in its recent production at the Q Theatre. One leading part will be played by Martin Miller, who was seen in *Tomorrow the World*, and another by Margaret Goodman, a twenty-year-old Birmingham girl of great promise.

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet season at Covent Garden ends on Saturday after lasting for thirty-four weeks. A holiday until August and visits to Manchester and Edinburgh will be followed by a two-months' Continental tour opening on September 11 in Brussels with Prague, Warsaw, Poznan, Copenhagen and Oslo to follow.

Beaumont Newhall

Youngman Carter

At The Pictures

A Trailer's Tale



Shafira Zakay as Tamar, the young refugee from Europe, in "The Great Promise"

How monstrous an instrument is the Trailer! To most filmgoers it would appear that this malevolent apparition was invented by a commercially disposed Management to clear the theatre regardless of whether or no we are determined to get our money's worth and see it round to where we came in.

Huge and very hideous letters leap at one from a cavern. "It's Stupendous" booms a Voice, "It's Colossal. It's Terrific." We begin to pass down the jaws of a moving staircase to Hell at an ever increasing speed. But there is no escape.

"It's the greatest, the most astounding, most epoch-making epic ever screened. . . . Your favourite stars together at last in this ultimate masterpiece of all time. . . . The story you and yours will live and re-live together for ever . . . the billion dollar triumph which will thrill you to the end of your days. . . ."

But steady there! What, in fact, are you being invited to pay for? Probably, for no doubt your mind has been until this moment without prejudice, a film which is already on your list, one way or the other.

WILL the Voice of Doom influence you one jot? The answer may well be that by now you have decided to renounce picture-going for ever, for the Voice has made it abundantly clear that this picture is one which all right thinking men and women would pay money to avoid. Alternatively the strong minded may say, "Despite the fact that this shattering epic has cost ten billion dollars and is designed to rock the Universe, it has two actors in it whom I admire. If I'm free on Thursday I may go and see them. It can't be as bad as all that."

But supposing, and only supposing (for this is ground on which only the Experts may tread) that the Voice said, very quietly, "Here is a film, ladies and gentlemen, which has cost very little to produce. We don't

pretend it's an epic, but it is a rather pleasant piece of entertainment. There is nothing earth-shattering about it, but it has been made by just a few people of intelligence and for just a few intelligent people."

Would the audience be flattered into paying attention? Supposing the Voice continued, "There are only two personalities in this film and possibly both of them are new to you. But they can act, they have a certain wit, and it may well be that you will enjoy these performances. This picture, which we are inviting you to visit, is admittedly rather different from the ordinary run of films, but it is at least something which we think you'll enjoy because it was made very simply and sincerely for people of discernment."

Could a trailer of this sort be made? Just as a change from the ordinary bang on the drum, the voice of the fairground huckster, it would be rare and refreshing. It might prove good salesmanship, just as Mr. Arthur Barker's advertisements for his books, printed in tiny but legible type, made everyone read his announcements when he first went in for publishing, way back in the twenties.

He slung his delicate pebbles against the giants of the Sunday advertisers with great effect and not a few of the Goliaths were abashed: his was the still small voice, the subtle whisper which suggested, "If you are a person of taste, this is something which may appeal to you."

"BUT," says the Expert, "the object of the Trailer is to pack 'em in on a Monday evening." And there is the dreadful truth of the matter. On Tuesday a film, good or bad, will have sold itself (or not) by word of mouth. Wednesday will bring a mid-week audience, Thursday's early closing, Friday's pay day and after that what do we care? But on Monday night we gotta pack 'em in.

Are they so right, these experts? Are the hundred bangs on the drum essential? Is propaganda, that is, the influencing of thought and opinion, made only of this hollow booming re-iteration?

Is it conceivable that there is a case for the still small voice?

THIS week The Academy is showing something of the sort. *The Great Promise* is a propaganda film about Jewish settlements in the Jordan valley; a trailer, as it were, for a

Zionist Palestine. It was made by a Polish director, convalescing after a long spell with the Polish Brigade which helped to defend Tobruk against Rommel. Mr. Leytes made it largely with a hand-camera, the sound and the "shot-in" effects being added afterwards. He himself was a producer-director in his own right in his native land before the war: this piece of handiwork is a busman's holiday, an expert *pastiche* made by an experienced painter in a not-so-idle moment.

A deal of it is unsophisticated to our ears, for he speaks very little English and his dialogue is often childish. He does not, in the first instance, plead the Jewish cause. Indeed his message would seem to be "this is a picture of Palestine from our viewpoint and these are the conditions which obtain here. These are our physical problems and this is how we are dealing with them."

IN stating this Mr. Leytes has used only one artifice: he has asked a musician of eminence, Mischa Spolianski, to add a musical background, and this has been done with a persuasive distinction. The result is always simple, sometimes naive, often pathetic and—at this particular moment—very timely.

But above all things Mr. Leytes never shouts. His little picture will never pack 'em in on Monday evening; it presents to our minds no ostentatious political cause, it offers nothing in the way of a solution of the Jewish-Arab problems. Yet in its quiet way it is both interesting and by logical sequence insidious. When the Big Picture is forgotten this simple affair, with its almost unspoken argument, will remain.

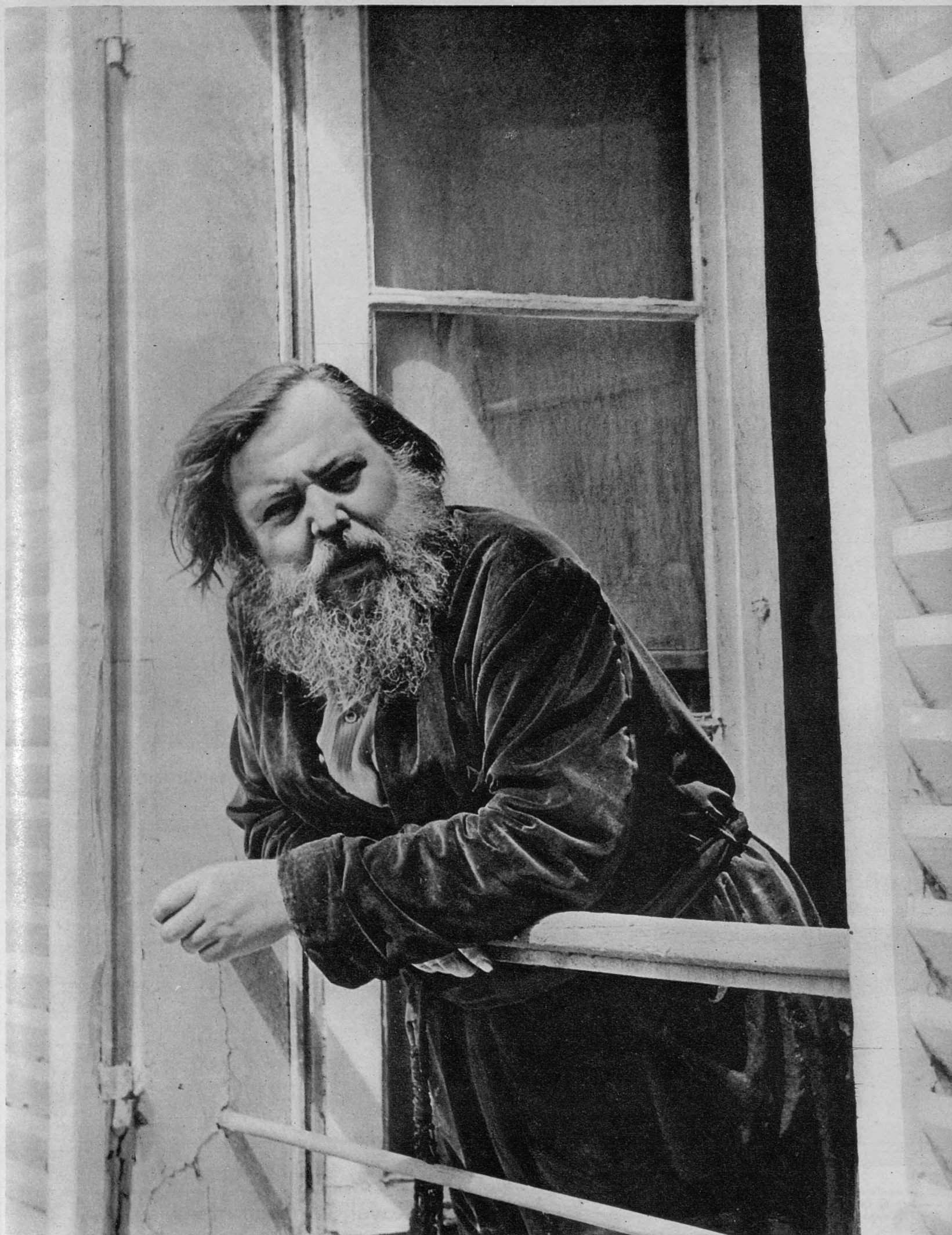
A GREAT many panjandrums of the film world might do a great deal worse than to drop in for an hour or so to take note of this offering. In a dozen ways it can be improved upon: the story hardly exists and the acting is amateurish—it was made in fact by amateurs—and only the camera speaks with sophistication and technique but it remains a refreshing rarity, and, which is more important, a memorable one. It is, in truth, the still small voice.

Ministers, Public Relations Officers, Propagandists, and film Impresarios, please take note. Your public (which will be waiting for the Big Picture anyhow) will be so grateful, and, ultimately, responsive.

CHRISTIAN BÉRARD

Photograph by John Deakin

Only Paris could have produced a figure so picturesque and of such influence as red-whiskered "Bébé" Bérard. In spite of the impishness with which he flaunts convention—clearly seen in this photograph—convention in its highest manifestation bows down to him as the supreme arbiter of Parisian taste, gifted as he is with a flawless sense of line and colour. At the autumn and spring salons the sigh of relief with which the *haute couturiers* receive his approval of a creation is explosive. In another sphere, as Stage Designer Number One, he is particularly noted for his association with Jean Cocteau, and his designs for the new Jean Cocteau film *La Belle et La Bête*, shortly to be shown in London, are of such elegance and fantasy that audiences are left gasping. Last year he paid a lengthy visit to New York, Orson Welles has recently cabled him for co-operation, while the New York Theatre Guild has asked him to design the production for the new Thornton Wilder musical play to be produced in the autumn



Party at South Africa House



Mr. J. F. Symons, Cyprus, Miss C. Dunkerton, Durban, Mr. B. Chesler, Boksburg, Dr. O. Cooke, London, and Mrs. H. G. Richards, Cyprus



Mrs. M. Bennett, of Durban, Miss Jennifer De Wet, of Cape Town, Mr. Eric Dreyer, of Cape Town, and Miss Petal du Toit



Mr. Griffiths, of Johannesburg, Mrs. Schulze, of Cape Town, Dr. Schulze and Miss Cecilia Wessels. The party celebrated Union Day



Miss Jenny Sonnenberg and Major E. Andrews, both of Cape Town, and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, wife of Lord Glenarney's elder son



The Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Irwin, the Earl of Halifax's son and heir



Mrs. John Kirwan-Taylor, Miss Pat Grey and Colonel John Kirwan-Taylor



Mrs. E. J. Wilbraham, Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth and Mr. C. Bell



Colonel Humphrey Butler, who was Equerry to the late Duke of Kent, and Mrs. S. Longstaffe



Mrs. Chris Muckintosh, Mrs. R. Gribble, Mrs. Clive Braham, Mrs. Diana Smyley, and the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn, wife of Lord Mostyn's heir

At the Royal Windsor Meeting

Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week Ball



In front: Mr. Bryan Seel, Miss Kathleen Cursley, Miss Josette Atkinson, Miss Vivien Vallance, Miss Enid Glasson, Mr. P. J. P. A. Isola. Behind: Mr. C. N. Cabedo, Miss Francine de Mizel, Miss Joan Hastings, Mr. Paul Johnson, Mr. Elcana Tenenbaum, and Mr. Edgar Tenenbaum



Miss N. Sorsky, Mr. M. S. Goldhill, Miss P. Ince-Jones and Mr. P. J. Walker dancing at midnight on the lawn



Miss P. Cornell and Mr. G. R. Kerr were sitting out in the marquee



Mr. P. N. Snow and Miss C. M. Burton, who were both wearing the popular carnation



Miss Jane Foley, of the Playhouse Theatre, and Mr. Philip Warner, President of the dance committee



Mr. J. W. Mackenzie dancing in the marquee with Miss Jeanette Bovei



At the Teasel Club Eights Week dinner: (seated) Miss P. Cleaver, Mr. C. H. Freuer, Miss R. M. Parke, Mr. St. Clair C. Hood, Miss M. Armour, Mr. J. V. Barnett (steward), Miss J. C. Draper, Mr. H. W. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Beesley; (standing) Miss J. R. Couch, Mr. M. J. Cullen, Mrs. B. Hosar, Mr. M. Hadin, Mrs. L. H. Paine, Mr. Leslie H. W. Paine, Mr. R. T. Rowe (secretary), Miss T. Mellor, Miss Ann Johnston-Noad, Mr. J. E. G. Gentili s



Warm Weather for Reels at the Royal Caledonian Ball Held at Grosvenor

Lord Sempill (right) dancing in the Eightsome Reel. Lord Sempill is the nineteenth Baron and tenth Baronet, and succeeded his father in 1934

The Hon. Mrs. Baird, Mrs. D. T. Macgregor and Capt. H. M. Usher had a cooling drink between the dances

IT was a brilliant Fourth of June at Eton, with sunshine and a lovely cool breeze. Mothers and fathers, sisters, brothers and friends came in their hundreds. In the afternoon T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose came down to watch the festivities. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were there too, with their son-in-law and daughter, Lieut.-Colonel Henry and Lady May Abel Smith and their children. In the evening after the fireworks I saw the Athlones, in the dark, wending their way through the great crowd unnoticed to their car.

The speeches in the morning were interesting. Dixon, a King's Scholar, chose excerpts from Mr. Anthony Eden's speech in the House of Commons after the fall of Greece in 1941. The scene on Agar's Plough, where the annual match between a Ramblers XI. and the Eton 1st XI. was in progress, was one of the gayest I have seen for a long time; all the prettiest young girls in summery frocks were strolling around with their escorts immaculate in their tails and top-hats, although still not allowed to wear the gorgeous and colourful waistcoats of pre-war days. Watching the cricket near me was the Countess of Bessborough with her two sons, Lord Duncannon and the Hon. George Ponsonby, and farther on sat the Hon. Mrs. Parshal and her Etonian son, John, who is a "wet-bob." The Marquess and Marchioness of Bath brought their lovely debutante daughter, Lady Caroline Thynne, in a blue-and-white striped dress, and their Etonian son, Viscount Weymouth, who is in Mr. Jacques' house.

OTHER family parties included the Earl and Countess of Lindsay with their sons, Viscount Garnock and the Hon. John Lindsay Bethune, and the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth Lindsay Bethune; the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard with their pretty daughter, Kiloran, and their younger son, Alexander; and the Countess of Airlie with Lord Ogilvy and Lady Grizel Ogilvy. Another family from Scotland were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their son and daughter.

Miss Georgina Philippi, looking very pretty, was walking around with her fiancé, Major Hugh Rose. Other pretty girls I noticed were Lady Mary Cambridge, Miss Rosa Pelly, the Ladies Elizabeth and Anne Lumley, Miss Anne Macdonald, Miss Anne Crichton and Miss Belinda Bellville, who was there with her very gay and good-looking mother, Mrs. Tony Bellville. Later, on their way to the procession of boats, I saw Lady Gage, all in white, Viscountess Hambleden, Mr. Patrick Forbes, who was leaving for America two days later, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark and their son, Mrs. Tom Berington and her son, Timmy, Miss Anne Wallace and her brother, Hamish, and Mr. John-Miles Huntington-Whitely, who had only returned to Eton for the day as he was on leave convalescing after appendicitis.

Many parents took their parties out to the Café de Paris at Bray for dinner and dancing before the fireworks, which did not start until

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

11 p.m. Here I found Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley with their son, John, Lady Mary Herbert and her son, Robin, who was in a party with Lady Rothermere, and her small daughter, Sarah Long. Lady Throckmorton and her little daughter, who promises to be as lovely as her mother, were in a large party with Mrs. Peggy Dunne and her children and Mrs. Wainman and her elder son. The fireworks were a truly wonderful display, but could have been enjoyed by so many more of the boys and visitors if only everyone had sat down to watch. The people in the ten front rows stood up and on anything they could find, so that hundreds behind them saw nothing but the rockets as they burst in the sky.

THE Earl and Countess of Durham received the guests with Lieut.-Colonel Harry and the Hon. Mrs. Davson after the marriage of Miss Helena Lambton to Mr. Evelyn Arthur St. Clair Davson at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.

Lord Durham is a cousin and guardian of the bride, who is an orphan. She looked charming in a gown of point de soie with a voluminous tulle veil. Her only bridesmaid, her cousin, Miss Deirdre McGillicuddy, was in a long pale-blue crepe dress with a bouquet of pink roses and delphiniums, the same colour-scheme as the lovely flowers in the church. The Master of Sinclair was best man.

At the wedding I saw Colonel and Mrs. Walter Trevelyan, Miss Angela Lambton, the bride's step-aunt, Mrs. Gibbons, who had come down from Cheshire for the wedding, Margot Lady Davson and her son, Sir Geoffrey Davson, who was one of the ushers. Doris Lady Strabolgi was chatting to Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and her daughter. Lady Hood was there with Sir Harold Hood. They had just returned from a visit to Rome, where they had an audience of the Pope. I missed the bride's step-aunt, Miss Maud Lambton, who, I was told, was not well enough to attend.

The bride wore a turquoise-blue dress with a short brown coat and hat to match when the young couple left for their honeymoon in Scotland.

IN spite of the heat-wave, the Caledonian Ball lacked no enthusiastic reel-dancers, and a thoroughly enjoyable and hilarious time was had by the 600 guests present. As usual, many of the people I met had come down from Scotland especially for the occasion,

and the majority did not miss a single reel. However, in between dances the three bars were crowded with well-known and exceedingly thirsty people, and amongst them I saw the Countess of Erroll and her husband, Mr. Ian Moncreiff, their cousins, Sir David Moncreiff and Miss Elizabeth Moncreiff, Mr. Donald Erskine, Miss Rosemary Nettlefold, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, looking attractive in white, and Lady Cecilia FitzRoy.

More than half the men present wore Highland dress, and the women wore tartan sashes; amongst these were the Duchess of Atholl, Sir "Chips" Maclean and his brunette wife, and Major and Mrs. Dugald Skene. The latter brought her debutante niece, Miss Caroline Sutherland. Lady Mary Cambridge wore white, and also amongst the younger set I met the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard. Lord John Kerr, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, looking sweet in black lace, Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon. Mary Clare Douglas-Scott-Montagu, Sir Alan Lascelles' younger daughter Caroline, the Marquess of Huntley, the Hon. Charles Stourton, who looked smart with pink facings on his jacket; Captain and Mrs. Way, Lord Ogilvy, Lady Maud Baillie's daughter, Judy, Major Patrick Telfer-Smollet and Major Kent Parrot, who was wearing the sensible summer uniform of the American Army. The Ball finally ended with an excellent set of "Speed the Plough."

FOR the first time in history, French horses brought off the Epsom double with the greatest ease. I expect by the time you read this they will be winning most of the rich prizes at Ascot, too. Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, were present at both the Oaks and Derby. They were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice on Derby Day. Both days the Royal party proceeded to the paddock before the big race, in spite of the rain on Oaks day, when they had the added interest of his Majesty's Pierrette running in the big race, though, alas, without success. The Earl of Rosebery, Lord Stanley, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Captain Charles Moore escorted the Royal family on the long walk from the Royal Box to the paddock.

Princess Elizabeth, who is looking so much slimmer and really lovely, takes the greatest interest in racing, and was carefully watching the horses parade with young Lord Stanley,



Lady David Douglas-Hamilton and Lady Jean Zinovieff



The Duchess of Atholl, who lives at East Wood, Dunkeld, and is the sister-in-law of the present Duke, talking to Major Drummond Moray



Capt. and Mrs. G. Ramsay, who were married a few months ago. Capt. Ramsay is in the Scots Greys at Windsor



Major Ronald Warlow and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Booker. The ball was under the patronage of the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth



House During London's Heat Wave

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Farquhar and the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntley. Lady Huntley was the Hon. Pamela Berry before her marriage

JOURNAL

who must be a very helpful guide, as he has inherited the great family interest in racing, and is sure one day to be one of the great pillars of the Turf, like his grandfather, the Earl of Derby.

As was to be expected, there were many French visitors at the meeting. Mme. Joseph Lieux, looking very chic in a green-and-white imprime suit with green velvet collar and cuffs, was with Mme. Pierre Corbière, who owned the winner of the Oaks, Imprudence, which was trained by Mme. Lieux's husband. On Derby Day I noticed Baroness de Waldner, looking very smart, in the paddock with her husband watching their Derby winner, Pearl Diver. Baroness de Waldner has many friends in this country, where, before she was married, she used, as Miss Lulu Esmond, to race a lot with her father, the late Mr. Edward Esmond.

The Maharanee of Baroda, wearing the most beautiful fur coat I have ever seen—one of the new platinum minks, worked exquisitely—was in the paddock with the Maharaja of Baroda and their trainer, Fred Armstrong, watching Sayajirao; they were joined by the Aga Khan, who was on his first visit to England since the war, and accompanied by the tall, good-looking Begum and his son, Prince Aly Khan. Monsieur Léon Volterra was accompanied by his attractive blonde wife. Mr. and Mrs. James Rank, with their trainer, Noel Cannon, were watching Merry Quip.

OTHERS I saw at the meeting were the Marquis and Marquesa de Santa Cruz, the latter looking very chic in black, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Marquess of Zetland, Lady Lavinia Green, Lord and Lady Manton, the latter in grey, the Countess of Rosebery, watching her husband's Mermaid being unsaddled after running third in the Oaks, the Earl of Portarlington, who told me he was feeling very cold, Lord Portal, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, who are over from Ireland until after Ascot, and their elder son Jim, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lady Feversham in the paddock with the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, Lady Watson, looking nice in red, Mrs. Denis Russell, Sir Alfred and Lady Munnings, Mr. and Mrs. "Weary" Liddel, the Earl of Sefton, Mr. Alex Abel-Smith and his attractive American wife, and Lt.-Col. Nigel Weatherall. Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt I met on the way up to their box, where they entertained friends each day.

DURING the week there were several big private parties, where many of the racing world met. Ten hosts and hostesses gave the first dance. Lord Porchester, Lord Stanley and Mr. Bernard van Cutsem were joint hosts for a party at the Savoy on the Friday night, and on Derby night Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam gave a party at Churchills.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth honoured the three young hosts with her presence at the second party and dined with them in the Mikado room, where among the other guests were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, Lady Jane Nelson, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Lady Mary Strachey, Lady Caroline Scott, Lord and Lady Irwin, Lady Feversham, Major Bowes-Lyon, Miss Violet de Trafford and Mr. Mark Bonham Carter. After dinner the party adjourned to the River room, where over 300 guests danced until the morning.

I HAVE heard of some more forthcoming private dances. Mrs. Harry Thomas and Mrs. Henry Sarson are giving a joint dance at the Savoy on June 21st to celebrate the coming of age of Patrick Thomas and the eighteenth birthday of Hilary Sarson. On July 1st, also at the Savoy, Mrs. Watson Hughes is giving a dance for her god-daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd Mostyn, only daughter of Lord and Lady Mostyn. Lady Boyle has also chosen the Savoy for the dance she is giving on July 7th for her daughter Anne. On July 9th Lady Serena James is giving a dance for her second daughter, Fay, at Apsley House. On July 14th Mrs. Humphrey Tolle-mache is giving a dance for her daughter Jean, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket is giving two small dances in London at the end of the season for her daughter Neelia Plunket, but has not yet fixed the dates. She is also giving a large ball at her Irish home, Luttrellstown Castle, near Dublin, on August 5th, which is the beginning of Horse Show week.

At the first night of the new J. B. Priestley play, *Ever Since Paradise*, at the New Theatre, I saw many stage and screen celebrities in the audience. Robert Douglas sat in a box with his wife and her sister, Lady Warwick: the Douglasses were sailing for New York in the Mauretania the next day, where he begins a seven-picture contract with Warner Brothers. Dame Irene Vanbrugh sat in the stalls, as did Terence Rattigan, Dulcie Gray and her husband, Michael Denison, Mrs. Emlyn Williams and Mrs. Clive Brook, Margaret Johnston, Elizabeth Allan, Basil Dean, Patricia Burke and Diana Morgan. I also noticed Lady Headfort, Lady Cunard, Sir Edward Marsh, Lady Herbert and Lady Hardwicke.

After the curtain, Mr. Priestley was receiving congratulations on the success of his play—his twenty-fifth, by the way—and on the birth of his first grandson, who had arrived that afternoon, Nicholas Jan (son of playwright Jan de Hartog, who married Mr. and Mrs. Priestley's eldest daughter, Angela).



A fine picture of the field rounding Tattenham Corner during the Nonsuch Handicap run on Oaks day. The race was won by the Maharajah of Baroda's Maharaj Kumar

THEIR MAJESTIES AT EPSOM

And Other Racegoers Who Saw Imprudence Win the Oaks



Major Edward and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, younger daughter of the late Marquess Curzon



Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher with (centre) Mrs. Stockenstrom, a Swedish visitor



Lady Mary Boscawen, elder daughter of the Duke of Montrose, and Princess Festetis



Lieut. Uttam Singh, of Bombay, and his wife, were two other keen spectators of the racing



The Earl of Carnarvon with the Hon. Henry Tufton, Lord Hothfield's son, and Mrs. Tufton



Mr. J. A. Dewar, owner of Tudor Minstrel, the Derby favourite, and Mrs. Dewar



The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, in the paddock watching the King's entry for the Oaks, Pierrette. The Earl of Rosebery, whose filly, Mermaid, was third, is behind Princess Elizabeth

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

New Shamrock Club Painter of Swift

. . . . Ancient Manors Neglected Sligo

MY postbag this week brought me a letter from Miss Pamela Hinkson. She is the author-daughter of Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, whose three volumes of memoirs are a valuable social document of certain aspects of intellectual and feudal Ireland at the end of the last and the first two decades of the present century.

I have not seen Miss Hinkson for many years; in fact, the last time was, I think, at the Irish Legation in Paris, when Count O'Kelly of Gallagher was the Minister and I was a student at the Sorbonne, but I do know that during the war she took a very active part in the running of the Shamrock Club—the resort of all with Irish blood serving in the Allied Forces in London. The Shamrock Club was housed in 28, Hertford Street, the home of Lady du Cros. In March last year it closed its doors, but now many are anxious that it should open once again as a club for Irish Service and ex-Service-men working in or passing through London, and act as a memorial for all the Irishmen, whether they came as volunteers from the six or twenty-six counties of Ireland, or whether from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa or England, or, for that matter, from America, who died in the Second World War.

Now the question of war memorials is one which is taxing the minds of many people in England. They all remember the glut of monuments that went up after 1918, and most now wish for more utilitarian memorials.

That reminds me: I remember Sir Edwin Lutyens saying to me, a few days after the outbreak of the war in 1939, "I suppose I shall have to put another tier on the Cenotaph." He was always rather cynical in his comments, but I notice that the dates of World War II. have been inscribed thereon.

But to revert to an Irish memorial, there was a movement, of which I have heard nothing of late, to erect a memorial in Dublin. That seems to me an unfortunate movement, for Ireland as a nation was not at war, for political reasons of its own, and such a memorial now would only cause a great controversy. It would therefore seem more fitting that such a memorial would be best situated in London, which was the centre from which the war was fought and won, and perhaps the city through which most exile Irishmen passed. Further, it must be remembered that although Irishmen flocked over as volunteers, some because they had ideals, some because they thought it was the thing to do, some because it was in the tradition to fight as mercenaries, there were many among these who, although fighting, at the same time approved of Ireland's neutrality for various national reasons.

THE reopening of the Shamrock Club for Irishmen in London would first of all commemorate the Irishmen of all faiths, politics and countries who died in the war, remind the world of the contribution which Ireland made with its volunteers, and at the same time provide a building in London where Irish Service and ex-Service-men from all parts of the world could meet to their mutual advantage.

Mr. Maurice Dockrell, the T.D., is the honorary treasurer of the Shamrock Club Irish Appeal

Committee, whilst Col. Denis Daly, of Russborough, Co. Wicklow, is the chairman.

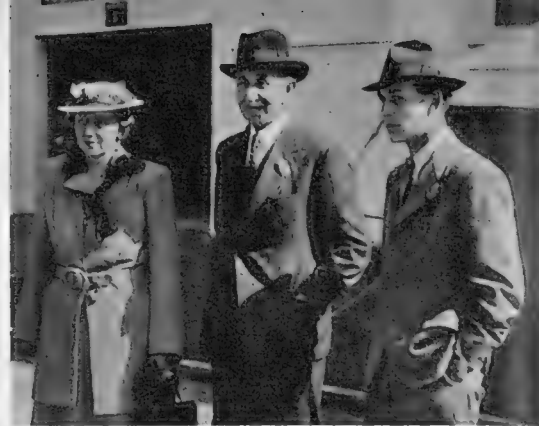
RUSSBOROUGH, where Col. Daly lives, is one of the finest large country houses of the Georgian period, and lies near Blessington, on the road from Dublin to the south. It was built by Richard Castle in conjunction with Francis Bindon, the portrait painter; for Lord Milltown in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. It is a square house with fine arcades either side leading to two pavilions. Bindon, who came from Co. Clare, where his father was M.P., is best remembered for his portraits of Dean Swift—the finest of which hangs in the dining-room at Howth Castle. This picture was painted in 1735, and there is a letter from Lord Howth to Swift dated July 6th that year, asking that the picture should be brought straightway to the castle for fear of a copy being substituted. There is, in fact, a copy at Trinity College, Dublin.

AND talking of old houses, I found myself twice motoring fairly long distances in recent months regretting that I had not a copy of Murray's or Muirhead's Guide to Ireland; at the moment all fully detailed guides seem out of print. On one occasion I had to motor from Galway to Kilkenny and then on to Dublin. The country around Kilkenny and Carlow is very rich in fine old houses. Outside some you see notices which denote that they are now institutions, others have fine gate lodges, but inquiries show that the housebreakers have been at work, and others are still lived in by old Irish and Anglo-Irish families.

This particular part of Ireland seems to have more large houses still in use than any other part. One of the finest houses I passed was Durrow Castle in Laoighis (formerly Queen's County), which is now a convent but was once the home of the Lords Ashbrook. It is a magnificent house standing on the side of a hill above the village. This part of the country is different from another area I know, through which one can drive for some forty or fifty miles passing only ruins of great houses.

At first one might believe that the ruins were the result of political wars, but in nearly every case one finds the families dissipated their fortunes in drink and gambling—two causes more potent than arson or housebreaking for the disappearance of houses and families.

MY other journey—and this time it was on behalf of some archaeological research that I am undertaking—I found myself in Co. Sligo. It was some twenty-five years since I was there, staying with my aunt at Cloughereeva, on the north bank of Lough Gill. I trespassed down the drive and saw the house and lake, which I remembered well, but as I turned the car I could not help wondering why the citizens of Sligo had not made as complete use of the scenery to attract tourists as those of Killarney have done. I think Co. Sligo around Gill (where Yeats's Innisfree lies) is as fine as any part of Kerry. From a selfish point of view I prefer it to be unspoilt and not crowded with trippers and picnickers, but strongly recommend the scenery for its beauty.



Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, with Lady Brooke and their son and heir, Capt. John Brooke



Lord and Lady Glentoran watching the hunter class. Lord Glentoran was created a peer of the United Kingdom in 1939

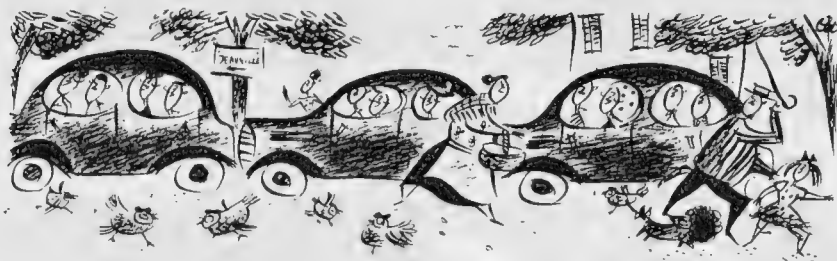


Miss Patricia and Miss Rosemary Copeland with their father, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Copeland. The show was held at Balmoral, Belfast



Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, who won a First on her champion hunter, Fitzbilly. She is the daughter of Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick, who is the ex-Master of the County Down Staghounds

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's
First Post-War Show



Priscilla in Paris

Queueing to Deauville

THE week-end jaunts to Deauville have started. Amazing, isn't it, what some big cars can do on 20 litres a month! Quite a tail-light-to-mascot procession starts out on Friday evening . . . but this is hardly accurate, since the new cars carry no mascot, and with their wide, grille-like, chromium-plated bonnets (façades would be a better word) look far more like super-luxe chestnut-roasters than anything else. H'ever, mascot or no mascot, the procession winds its way over the long, straight stretches of *route nationale No. 13* with hardly a break.

At the Royal, the Normandy and the Golf hotels one sees all the old habitués, with a pretty assortment of this year's beauty queens, from Miss Paris to Miss Universe, thrown in as make-weight. In the rooms at the Casino the play has not yet lifted the roof. Foreign visitors who "explain" their hotel bills on the strength of their gambling coups perhaps feel a little shy of watchful eyes in the background.

ROUND and about one meets Jane Marnac and her husband, Keith Trevor, Prince Sixte de Bourbon, the Comte de Ganay, and that doyen of old-timers, Henri Letellier. Harry Pilcer, who has arrived from Cannes, and who, despite half a lifetime spent in France, still speaks the delightful Americano-French jargon that so amuses his friends, is another over whom the years pass lightly. Dare I say the same of the cinema star Erich von Stroheim? There was also the loveliest, almost youngest, and certainly cleverest lady of the screen, Micheline Presle, who is in the midst of the filming of Jean-Paul Sartre's first "speakie," and Raymond Rodet (tennis and tinned peas), who so often partners the King of Sweden on the courts at Cannes; Charles Drouilly, whose sartorial effects are more bright and beautiful than Picasso's worst efforts; Raymond Hubert, who comes over from the brats-and-sand-castles *plage* of Trouville, and the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. At the Bar du Soleil, bathing costumes, worn by seductive young creatures, are more abbreviated and scanty than ever . . . the gardens, with their manicured flower-beds, are gorgeously beautiful, and, indeed:

Whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay, gilded scenes and shining prospects rise.

PARIS is still the city of one's dreams, but what with strikes (averted at the last moment or not), scandals, lack of bread and a general feeling of insecurity, dreams sometimes become nightmares. The little tables outside the cafés on the shady side of the boulevards and avenues are thronged with the people who lack carriage, wheelbarrow or car(t) with which to leave the city pavements and the roads that are

sweating tarmac. Drinks are long and cold. Many-flavoured ices are comforting and obtainable everywhere, and one wonders how these things are managed, since only the very old or very young are allowed milk and chocolate rations . . . and do not always get them at that! The open-air restaurants in the Bois are an evening resource . . . but if one can afford these one can also afford Deauville!

At the Trocadero end of the Avenue Kléber I have discovered a new, tiny, spandy-neat place for lunch or dinner. It is called "Chez Cyprien." There are always three or four *plats du jour* to choose from, with the usual fore-and-after. The cocktail *maison* turns a grey world rose-coloured, and the strawberries Melba are luscious. Three hundred (or so) francs will cover the damage. This obviously does not include the yellow wine that fizzes, but what's the matter with that other kind of amber-coloured fluid that also froths? I was told of this place by Alvin D. Laidly, of Pittsburg, who is engaged to a well-known Parisienne, Mme. Jeanne Roze, war widow of the actor-manager Edmond Roze, who was transported in 1942 and died in captivity.

THE famous little "A.B.C." theatre on the Boulevard Poissonnière is now showing a witty and dainty production: *La Revue du Rire*. This is one of the best shows in town, with its pretty girls, clever sketches, and the excellent acting of an all-star company led by Felix Oudart and André Randall, our polyglot entertainer, who brilliantly impersonates a British Tommy, G.I. Joe, a Russian soldier and a French poilu, and shows us how the various nations react to Gretchen's wiles in Germany. This comes fairly early in the evening, so don't dawdle too long over your dinner. Catherine Gay, who plays Gretchen, is one of the most attractive blondes I have seen for some time. Where has she been hiding till now? In a certain parlance, "This dame has got what it takes . . . tall and slim and all the right curves . . . she's got rhythm, she's got technique . . . and how!"

Voilà!

● Mistinguette, who is shortly leaving France for a "world tour," sat, recently, for some new photographs. "These are not so good as the ones you did of me before the war," she said, when she saw the proofs. "I'm afraid you are right, Mademoiselle," answered the photographer, "my camera has aged. I'll get a new one!"



Valerie Hobson and her husband, Anthony Havelock-Allan, the film producer, after the première of "Duel in the Sun"



Michael Wilding, co-star of "The Courtneys of Curzon Street," and actress Dulcie Gray. The party was at the Little French Club



Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mr. Paul Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy, with their hostess, Paulette Goddard, who is filming "An Ideal Husband" for Sir Alexander Korda

Paulette Goddard and Her Husband, Burgess Meredith, Give a Party

ETON'S MOST BRILLIANT FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATION SINCE THE WAR



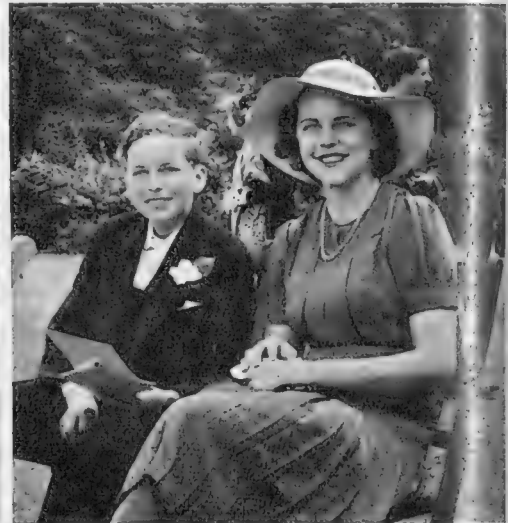
Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, who watched the cricket and the procession of boats, and saw the firework display after dining with the Provost



Lady May Abel Smith with her daughters Anne and Elizabeth, and her parents, the Earl and Countess of Athlone



Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and Lady Loder. The Loders have two small sons, who were born in 1941 and 1943



The Hon. William Warner Westenra, son and heir of Lord Rossmore, and his sister, the Hon. Brigid Westenra



Miss Elizabeth Aubrey-Fletcher, Mr. Edward Aubrey-Fletcher, Viscount Glentworth, the Earl of Limerick, Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bt., the Countess of Limerick and Lady Anne Pery



Visitors in a picnic party included the Countess of Crawford, Mr. C. the Hon Patrick Lindsay and



Visitors watched the cricket while others ate their picnic lunches under the trees on Agar's Plough. The early thunderstorms resulted in perfect weather, both for the cricket and the boating



Hugh Smiley, Bt., and Lady Smiley with their thirteen-year-old son, John Philip



The Hon. Mrs. John Stourton with her son and daughter, Mr. John Stourton and Miss Monica Stourton



Lord Michael Fitzroy and his father, the Duke of Grafton. Lord Michael is the Duke's youngest son



Mr. Nicholas Clarke talking to Cdr. John H. Besson, Jr., of the U.S. Navy



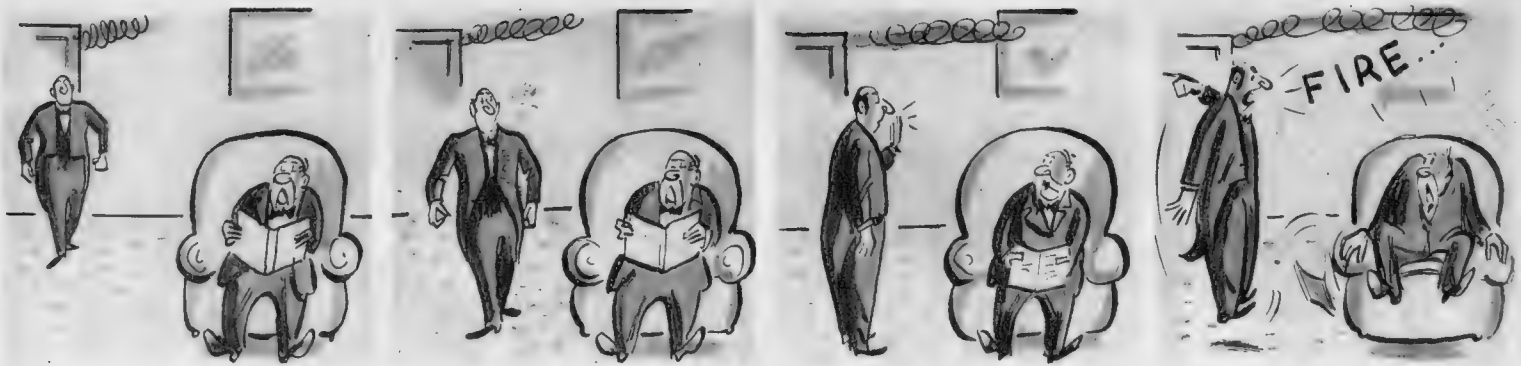
Alan Clark, Lady Clark, May, Sir Kenneth Clark, Earl of Crawford



Among those in another party were Lady McCreery with her son Robert, Major-General J. F. B. Combe and his fiancée; Mrs. Gosling, Mr. P. Gosling and Mr. D. Gosling



More visitors having lunch under the trees were Miss Camilla Melville, Mr. Jeremy Melville, Mrs. A. Melville, Miss B. Belleville, Miss Du Cane and Miss E. Carew-Pole



Drawings by Graham

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

"No shrieking harriidan here," remarked a Sunday paper's Lobby gossip admiringly, referring to one of the more exquisite Parliamentary Glamour Girls. The lad's madrigal seemed to us so graceful, so *vieille Cour*, so evocative of falbalas and fripperies by Fragonard and Watteau, that we found ourselves humming a little song about it. Shall we sing it to you? No? Really? Right:

"Avaunt, ye black and midnight hairs!
Westminster's howling crew!
The Speaker in a passion cried,
But added in a soft aside,
"I don't mean *Lindy Lou*."

Refrain (with elaborate gallantry):
When ear-drums split and noggins ache
Who is it soothes the Heirs of Drake,
And never gets a boo?
As dainty as a well-bred mouse
Whose tiny squeak enthralls the House?
In Britain's Awful Senate met
Who is adjudged an Aural Pet?
Why, Lou!
(What? Who?)
Just Lou.

A gavotte of M.P.s would naturally end it. Un, deux, trois! Enchaînez! . . . Pirouettez! . . . Avancez! . . . Révérences! . . . Baisemains! It's all in the old dancing-manuals.

Crack

RUBBING our horny hands with lewd satisfaction, we perceive that at long last the Society of Authors is taking a crack at the BBC, whose exploitation of us inky boys' at starvation-rates has gone on far too long.

Apropos nothing at all, a fascinating crime-novel (title forgotten) came our way recently. In it an expert in military explosives went cuckoo and blew up Broadcasting House. It was quite simple. As one of the principal news-baritones was opening his golden throttle at 9.01 p.m. and chanting "This is the BBC Home Serv—" the vase of choice hothouse flowers on his studio-table suddenly exploded and the whole Joybox went up in smoke and flame; very amusing, though, perhaps, rather heartless, for next to the costly presents showered on them by their fans in pure admiration, the boys love their dainty flowers, flown daily from Grasse (Alpes-Maritimes) at your expense and ours.

Footnote

It surprises you, possibly, to find Uncle Cheeriboy rooting on the side of the booksy horde for once? The fact is—

An old wise silver-haired thinker said to us years ago: "Beware of anyone who begins a sentence with a frank expression and the words 'The fact is—.' He is undoubtedly a Whig and a liar, of the school of Froude, Kingsley and Borrow."

Loss

JUDGING by the fussy embarrassment of the Press boys over coming developments in India, one would think the Race had begun

reluctantly handing back chunks of Empire only yesterday. Actually it began long ago, and we've got Slogger Pepys as a witness, for one.

Years and years after keeping his racy Diary, known to one and all (in its strictly expurgated edition—*oh, là, là!*), Pepys was involved as Secretary to the Admiralty in the return of our Tangier colony to Spain and the blowing-up of the famous Mole, a long and confused business which greatly bored Mr. Pepys, apart from his being bitten nearly to death by "chinchees," or mosquitos. He was by now a staid elderly Civil Servant, having long since given up his

without it. No life there, if you get the idea. Uh, huh. Well, just a quick one, old boy. . . .

Casualty

As a wedding-guest broken and scarred in many honourable engagements (our fiercest was when the champagne ran out in Bruton Street in 1939 and we held off three ravening dowagers and a Guardee major single-handed), we grieve to observe one of our brethren recently in sore trouble, due to flirting with the bride's mother, which extraordinary behaviour landed him in a divorce-case.

A seasoned type, we guess. If you remember *The Ancient Mariner*, the wedding-guest here is held up so long by the aged charlatan with the marine hard-luck story that he undoubtedly got to the buffet just in time to hear the bride's mother cry to the butler: "Rapson! Not another bottle! They've hogged all that's coming to them! As for this gentleman," the bride's mother probably added, swivelling a hostile eye on the wedding-guest as he glared around, half crazy, "a nice lemonade or a delicious cup of *strong black coffee* is probably the best thing for one in his *most peculiar* condition." To which the wedding-guest doubtless replied politely in the poet's own words:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
Madam, my love is soon confessed,
I do not like your ample chest,
Your beak, your wattles, or your crest,
The way your syllables are stressed,
Your pan, like some unseemly jest,
The frightful way your hair is dressed—
In fact I love you, I protest,
Hardly, Ma'am; if at all.

From this, no doubt, flirtation is but a step, but what a step.

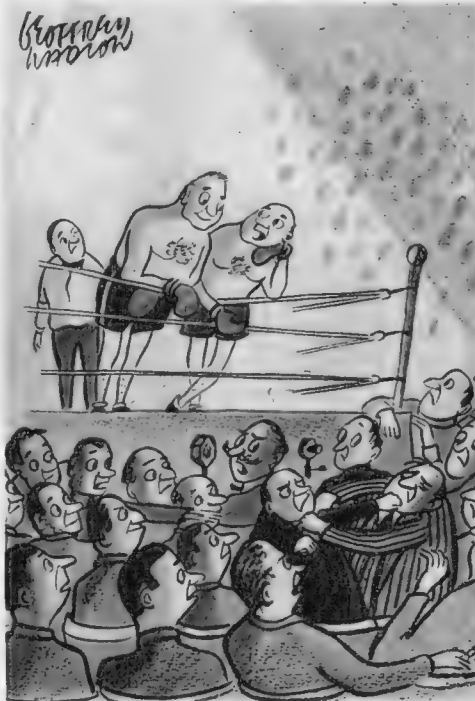
Pal

It didn't surprise us to read of that lady I alleged recently to have threatened to shoot her pen-pal. His was what we boys in the inky trade call a "normal occupational risk."

It's the continued existence of all the other ink-addicts we can't understand—the myriad nightly amateur pens which write to editors, uninvited and for nothing. Sir, what this country needs. Sir, when I was up at "The House" with the late Canon Twitterley. Sir, Mrs. Basket is right. Sir, as a Liberal bigamist of long standing . . . Nobody ever gets these boys and girls, whereas the pen-pal brigade apparently faces fearful odds. The remark is John Stuart Mill's, after incurring the dislike of his booksy girl pen-pal, George Eliot, who unmasked him in a bitter letter (*Corresp. of J. S. Mill, Vol. XLV, 178*):

You rat, you won my virgin heart with that first 15,000-word letter on the Quantitative Approach, with a 75-page appendix on Trade-Cycles, but you can't fool Baby now. I've rumbled you, J. Mill! You can't get your stuff past the editor of *The Economist* and you take yours truly for a sucker. . . .

Ending with a threat:



"I'll lay you six to four on the guy in the brown suit"

naughty running after women, and living sedately with his housekeeper-mistress; Mrs. Skinner, in a comfortable house in York Buildings, and later in the quiet village of Clapham. In his rather dull Second Diary (1683-4), which nobody reads, Slogger Pepys doesn't get overheated over the loss of our North African colony. He thought Tangier a lousy place and was glad to get out.

Maybe this is a face-saving line the Press boys might take. India? Pooh! Too hot. Too big. Full of natives. Full of snakes and jugglers. All right in Kipling's time, perhaps. Simla and all that. No good now. Better off

If you think little I is a mere toy for frustrated economists, Jack Mill, beware, you have woke a sleeping tigress. . . .

Fortunately, as it turned out, the big angry girl was aiming steadily at Mr. Mill at point-blank range, so it was only the Lord Mayor of Birmingham and five other adjacent notabilities on the platform who got the packet.

Aubade

JUST a hundred years ago, we note from Auntie Times, the bandmaster of the Scots Guards conceived a delicious idea. On the Queen's 28th birthday, now imminent, he and the boys would sneak up and call her at 7 a.m. with a lovely brass-band programme. Which they did.

His name was Mr. Boosé. Her Majesty's reactions (as Auntie grimly observed) are not known. The brassy aubade took place at Claremont, and one may well picture a small, plump, furious hand reaching for a heavily-embroidered bell-rope. Where is the Prince? Where is Lehzen? Where is Mrs. What'sher-name? Where is Lord Melbourne? What is this *schrecklich* noise? What? *A surprise?* We are indeed surprised! *Mr. Who?* Well, have this Mr. Boosé instantly shot from a gun by Our faithful sepoy. That will do. You may go.

No doubt the Prince Consort, with his customary suavity, had the whole thing in the bag by breakfast-time, when the band played again, and Mr. Boosé no doubt got off with the usual diamond tiepin. But the precedent was dangerous, and—it apparently wasn't repeated—shocked even the stout-nerved Victorians, we guess.

Coven

ONLY the natural goodbreeding of the untutored Celtic peasant prevents us from suggesting that a recent Dance of Liberals we saw advertised in Kensington must have been—in one sense—something like the midnight covens or witch-dances at North Berwick in King Jamie's time, led by Dr. Fian of infamous memory.

Namely, a high seriousness pervaded those Liberal gambols, we guess. It is a Liberal trait. Anyone who has ever danced with a Grand (? Swell) Dame of the Primrose League (we have) knows that Conservative dancing is frivolous, in a way, though not lewd, as the Whigs allege. A certain smugness, a hint of warm oil, is the traditional Liberal aura. One of the most eminent Liberal big boys of the moment once inspired a fellow-undergraduate, a Mr. Beerbohm, to an urbane remonstrance beginning:

Smug, in your attic crooning
Your Aristotle through,
The sun himself is swooning
At sight of you . . .

It is on record nevertheless that this big boy could be playful and even skittish, in a smooth way. Hence the spectacle of dancing Liberals is eerie but not necessarily sinister.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A famished "WEGHIP" vainly pursuing
a succulent but elusive "SCROOM"!



Duncan Melvin

Sally Gilmour as Tulip in *The Sailor's Return*. The story is based on the novel by David Garnett, which the Ballet Rambert have added to their repertoire during the present season at Sadler's Wells. The choreography, décor and costumes are all by Andrée Howard. Sally Gilmour, who is the leading ballerina of the company, is a dancer of great versatility. Her Giselle has been highly praised, but it is in such modern ballets as *Lady Into Fox*, also by Andrée Howard, and *The Sailor's Return* that her ability in roles demanding exceptional emotional range is fully appreciated.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

HE entered the newspaper office in a manner that suggested murder. He took a newspaper from an inner pocket and flung it on the counter.

"I was intensely shocked this morning to read in this wretched paper an intimation of my engagement," he said.

The man behind the counter looked at him with some concern.

"I'm also beside myself with rage," the agitated man went on. "I can't tell you how angry I am. I'm worried. My fiancée is worried. My fiancée is dreadfully annoyed. We are all annoyed. Give me fifty copies of the paper."

THE following printers' errors were taken from American papers:

"Major-General T. B. Larkin, U.S. Army Quartermaster-General, ordered a study of possible further reductions in Army rations. The chief of the subsistence section will fake the investigation."

"Judge Bentley, one of our most eligible bachelors, is retiring from politics. Hale, hearty and fifty-five, the Judge says he wants a little peach and quiet."

"It is permissible to spank a child if one has a definite end in view."

A MOTORIST was driving through a busy town, when suddenly a dust-cart ahead of him turned down a side-street without warning.

Narrowly escaping a collision, the angry motorist shouted, "Why the dickens didn't you hold out your hand to show you were going to turn?"

"Don't talk so daft, man," replied the dust-man. "I always go down this street!"

IN the grey light, early morning, the traveller faced the night clerk of the country hotel.

"You gave me the worst bed in the place," he began. "If you don't change my bed before to-night I shall go to another hotel."

"There's no difference in the beds, sir," replied the clerk respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically.

"If that's so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine?"

"But it's occupied, sir."

"I know it is—by a man who has been snoring all night, and who was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep for six hours at a stretch."

"The beds are alike," repeated the clerk firmly. "That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor."

A SMALL boy swallowed a penny. A surgeon was sent for and said he could do nothing. To use the knife would cause certain death. The almost hysterical mother asked, "Can nothing be done, then?"

"I wouldn't say that," replied the surgeon. "I advise you to send for the vicar; he can get money out of anyone!"

A COMPLACENT golfer teed his ball, looked away to the next green, and declared confidently, "That's good for one long drive and a putt." He swung the driver, tore up the sod and managed to move the ball a few feet off the tee. Stepping forward, the caddie handed him the putter and suggested: "Now for a hell of a putt."



The Temesis Yacht Club Race: for boats of the 14-ft. class get away to a good start at Teddington. There were twenty-one competitors on a day when the weather was perfect for such an event. The Temesis Yacht Club, which has its headquarters at Teddington Reach, holds races regularly

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretache

THE capacity to see beyond the tip of the nose is vouchsafed to but few! This almost priceless gift is patently denied to some "most potent, grave and reverend signiors" in India, busy now, and for some time past, making ugly faces at one another, and even going so far as to cut one another's throats. So many people nowadays find cross-word puzzles, especially those in our most erudite daily newspaper, a pleasant escape from the stresses which do so grievously beset us, that I think they might be interested in a really big one. No dictionary is required, only a good map of India. Figures are always rated very dull things, but I believe that the following may not be as dull as all that. As the crow flies, the line along which it would be necessary to deploy such forces as might be found available for defence is about 2,500 miles. In actual fact, and despite the existence of some good pre-modern-weapon static defences, it is at least two-thirds as long again.

A Few More Figures

THE first outpost line (the northern frontier of Afghanistan) is a good 600 to 800 miles, right to left; the support line—Kandahar-Ghuzni-Kabul—is not much less; the main defensive position is hardly less than 2,000 miles. The Indian Army, plus the British Army in India, plus, perhaps, the 1,000,000 expert riflemen in that troublesome Hinterland, would look a miserable bit of elastic when stretched over these uncomfortably long distances. Just one or two more figures before we get busy with that map: Herat (bang up against the Afghan left) is 485 miles from Chaman, our nearest railhead (due north of Quetta), but as it is only 76 miles from Khushk (due north of Herat), possibly we could get nicely bedded-down in Kandahar (left of our support line) quite as soon as any cat-burglar could climb into Herat—but what then? The bit of elastic as it exists at this moment, even if it is not cut in two, is not stout enough, and would need speedy reinforcement by some first-class troops from home. Second-raters would be very wasteful and just chicken-feed for the burglar. The answer? Elementary, my dear Watson! A blind buzzard surely could see what is going to happen?

The Irresistible Target

PROBABLY many who have "swam in a gondola" recall the story of the harmless oaf who stooped to tie his shoe-lace, and was then suddenly straightened by a most appalling attack in reverse by an enormous boot. "What on earth did you do that for?" said the victim, when he had stopped rubbing; "I was only tying my shoe-lace!" "You're

always tying your shoe-lace," came the reply. Similarly, at a place called Bunnun, on the N.W.F., a chap I know went to spend a nice quiet week-end with a friend who was commanding one of the mountain batteries. First night at mess, at which all denominations collected, Gunners, Piffers, Sappers, and so forth, just as the walnuts were about to be cracked, ping went one of the kerosene oil lamps on the table. The windows, of course, were wide open, and so no other glass was broken. That sniper had no particular down on anyone; it was just a case of the irresistible target, exactly the same as that of the man who stooped to tie his shoe-lace! What marvellous restraint was shown by the number-one shots at Peshawur upon a recent occasion when two Exes were within fool-proof range.

What Australia Thinks

THE following letter was written to me by a trusty correspondent who, so I gather, would prefer to be anonymous in the present instance, at all events. It is full of interest—and so here it goes—

Your comments on the India business were very interesting. We got quite a shock when we heard that Britain was moving out of Egypt, and more so when we heard about India. It has given us a new sense of isolation from the Old Country. The appalling cruelty of Eastern races when they are in action, and the fact that we are likely to be, more or less, cut off from the rest of the world by hundreds of millions of them, gives us an uncomfortable feeling. Most of us cannot believe that most of these parts do not require some sensible policing, and while the icy gaze of the Pukka Sahib was, no doubt, a trifle disconcerting to the natives at times, it was an immense comfort to us to know that the Union Jack was flying in certain countries.

The American bases in the Pacific may be a help in a time of trouble. The new atomic warfare, once the gong sounds, will be a matter of minutes. My goodness, what a world! And what we could make of it!

We have had the most marvellous summer and autumn, almost, in our memory. The Southern Victorian climate is notoriously changeable, but this summer there has been very little scorching heat and no cold changes to speak of. Glorious sunny days tempered by cool southerly breezes, sufficient rains that the gardens required very little watering, and now autumn with colder nights and still warm, sunny days. No frosts yet in this locality.

Coming home through the city and seeing the magnificent grapes at 6d. to 1s. per lb., oranges and lemons at six for 1s., and other varieties *ad lib.* just makes us furious to know that all this that we enjoy and all our happy life in this glorious climate we really owe to you folk in U.K. because you stood fast. We can't forget what our wives and daughters were saved from, and we can't bear the thought of you still having to go short, without at least trying to do something about it. We can never fully express our thanks to Britain. By Jove, I nearly forgot to mention the following supreme example of a nation's gratitude: nearly everyone here is on strike at the moment, no trains (and trams only apparently as a great favour!), no electric radiators, gas rationing, electric light threatened, and so on; however, the local wharf labourers made history a week or so ago by actually having a stop-work meeting, and DECIDED TO GO BACK TO WORK because the Orion and other ships are loading food for Britain. This is the first time the wharves have ever had a meeting and decided *not* to strike, so far as I know!

Ascot

ONE for Ascot to-day! It is very improbable that in the principal event to-day we shall be able to stop the Conquerors of the Norman Race, but before going any further, I strongly demur from the criticism which has been hurled at the breeders of our bloodstock, after the Epsom débâcle. However, more of this anon! As to-day I cannot see how we can get away from the form of Marsyas II. in the Prix du Cadran, 2½ miles, at Longchamp on May 11th. He had 9 st. 7 lbs. and he beat Souverain, 8 st. 13 lbs., by three lengths pointless. *Primâ facie* this seems to be absolutely conclusive where the Gold Cup is concerned, for to-day Marsyas II. has only 9 st. We believe that we know, through Airborne, the kind of stayer that Souverain is. There is also the insatiable Chanteur II., who put Neapolitan on his back one day at Hurst, and two days later made a hack of Look Ahead at the same course, this time over 1 mile 7 furlongs 85 yards, the other win having been over only 1¼ miles, which is neither here nor there as a Gold Cup gallop. And there is also his Coronation Cup win. There is likewise Monsieur L'Amiral! A formidable list! Whether Reynard Volant or Airborne offer us any hope I leave it to you, brother, but I don't think so. The Irishmen think a good deal of this nice mare Turkish Tune, who won gallantly at Chester, has also the Aintree Derby to her credit, and has run well in the Irish Leger and Oaks. I hope that the valiant Voluntary may have held the bridge in the Ascot Stakes, but about this I cannot possibly know, as I am compelled to write this so long ahead of the result.

Scoreboard



TALKING of talking, as the parrot said to the politician, it is an interesting, and not improper, speculation to wonder which is our most loquacious pastime. Max Baer, as we have noted before, set up an all-time high for words in the boxing ring, and he could continue an interrupted

discourse while recumbent on the boards. Jack Johnson, too, incurred criticism for his Round-by-Round sermons on civic and social affairs. Rugby football knows interludes of verbosity, as when one forward lingers overlong on the lower stomach of another. Royal tennis, which Henry VIII. could never induce Cardinal Wolsey to play, lends itself to intimate conversation between the server and the spectators, netted off, like animals, behind the *Dedans*. A fine talker at this game was Vane Pennell, formerly of Charterhouse and Cambridge. Once, during a long and severe match between him and the celebrated vegetarian and teetotaler, Eustace Miles, both players stopped for refreshment. As he lowered his pint of Bollinger, Pennell turned to the spectators and said, "Gentlemen, this match, which you are lucky enough to be watching, now resolves itself into Fizz v. Tea; if I were you, I'd back Fizz"; and he went on to win the fifth set. Pennell was a loud, original and sometimes embarrassing talker. Once, in a room full of silent and respectable diners, he turned to me and said, with the voice of Stentor, "Glasgow, is it in Leviticus or the Koran that there is a ban against courting under water?"

ON the cricket field, conversation, if you know where to look for it, is almost ceaseless. Wicket-keepers, of course, talk to themselves. Umpires hum tunes from Hymns Ancient and Modern; a habit which is deeply resented by spin-bowlers. Sometimes, in the highest company, you will see confidential words spoken from behind the hand. You will suspect a subtle bait;

some novel, even revolutionary, scheme against the batsman. Maurice Tate, the greatest fast-medium bowler of his time, was often observed in this confidential attitude. He was only saying, "Very warm again to-day," or "Seen any good pictures lately?"

ON Saturday South Africa come to Lord's, to play England in the second Test Match. It was here, in 1935, that the South Africans under H. F. Wade beat us in the match that won them their first Rubber in England. Bruce Mitchell made 164 not out; A. B. C. Langton and Xenophon Balaskas unhooked our batsmen. Both these bowlers are absent now: Langton was killed in the war; Balaskas has lost his form. Dozens of critics will be writing tens of thousands of words about the match. In contrast, how silently did the first England team slip away to play in South Africa nearly sixty years ago. The word "Test" was then unknown. The Englishmen started with a series of beatings, and, runs the report, "it is no libel to say that for a time generous hospitality had a bad effect upon the cricket." No libel! Who would dare to write such words on a modern international team? It is always "food poisoning" when famous men get drunk. Both matches against "Eleven of South Africa" were won. A Mr. C. A. Smith took 5 for 19 in the first South African innings. He was our captain. He is now the kindly and understanding old gentleman, with the aristocratic profile, known to millions of film-fans as Aubrey Smith.

I AM now able finally to reveal that Mr. Quintin Hogg and Mrs. Braddock will not play in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon this year. Lack of practice together is, unofficially, given as the reason. The Singles, also, will be the poorer by the withdrawal of Sir Ben Smith. Speaking to me on the long-distance telephone (reversed charge), he seemed to say, "My duties, whatever they are, on the Coal Board are paramount. Tennis and coal do not go well together. Good-night."

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.



Mr. T. Rutherford, from Dunfermline, makes a careful selection of a fly. Scotland beat England by ten trout weighing 7 lbs. 4½ ozs. to nine trout weighing 5 lbs. 9½ ozs. The catches were disappointing



Another competitor, Mr. O. N. Cook, from Sunderland. The contest took place on Loch Leven, Kinross, and there were twelve a side. B. C. Hall, of Lincoln, and J. B. Meldrum, of Scotland, made the best catches for their respective countries



Viscount Bledisloe, of Lydney, in Gloucestershire, talking to the Duchess of Somerset and the Duke of Somerset. The show, which is an important annual event in the south-west, and one of the largest of its kind in England, was open for four days

The Bath West and Southern Counties Society's Show
at Cheltenham

International Angling
Competition



Kangaroos, an illustration by Barbara Greg from "Wonders of Natural History," by E. L. Grant Watson (Pleiades Books; 8s. 6d.)

Elizabeth Bowen's

BOOKSHELF

WITH his second novel, P. H. Newby once again adds a country to the map of the world. *Agents and Witnesses* (Cape; 9s.) has, like its predecessor, *A Journey to the Interior*, a purely imaginary locale. But in neither case does one find oneself in a Ruritania, set at a high and royal romantic pitch, from which all the more boring and *terre-à-terre* elements of reality are missing. On the contrary, realism of the most exacting kind dominates the imaginary scene. The Mediterranean island of Sankilos, in which *Agents and Witnesses* has its setting, has been built up to the very last detail—conformation, climate, politics, social conditions, architecture, and so on. The effect is of such absolute authenticity that one finds it hard to believe Sankilos does not exist. Its inhabitants, characters in the story, are our contemporaries—and more, our counterparts: what has gone to the making of them went to the making of us: essentially, these are creatures of the mid-twentieth century. Only, by creating his own place, Mr. Newby is also creating his own time—in the sense that, though his people are Europeans, the recent violent epoch of European experience has been expunged.

There has been, in short, in this Newby country no World War, nor is it suggested that such is soon to come. Thus, this novelist has by-passed the problem so afflicting, at present, to many of his colleagues, *i.e.*, that a novel written to-day must be either pre-war, wartime, or post-war. By creating, for the purposes of his art, another dimension, he sets his characters free to move, act, think as *we* might have done had the years 1939-45 been simply years, years of life, not pre-essentially war years. They live as *we might* have done—and do so with an extraordinary convincingness.

But if Mr. Newby has set aside one problem, he has done so, I think, in order to face others—and to face those others the more squarely. War did at least shelve some questions, blur some worrying issues, relieve some consciences. For Sankilos there has been no let-up. The place is an island-state, a tiny reactionary republic; with a toy army, a rich cosmopolitan urbanised little capital, and a mountainous hinterland in which the peasants, infinitely backward, continue ignorantly to follow old tribal laws. When the story opens, the up-country province of Kole is being ravaged by a new and deadly form of malaria: a letter from a doctor, struggling in vain, describes deplorable conditions. The shadowy Government dithers; the one Sankilos newspaper, government-owned, goes on hushing the matter up.

PIERRE BARTAS, a young French architect successfully practising and enjoyably living in Sankilos, follows the local tendency to ignore public affairs in favour of private life. He becomes involved with Anna, second of the two daughters of the flamboyant Mrs. Keats: the three ladies, socially more than dubious, have lately moved into the flat below his. Work, the extension of his flat by another room, and the irritating but somehow not negligible relationship with Anna occupy Pierre fully. Meanwhile, however, things are happening: Soureili Pasha, the resident Turkish multimillionaire who has long been one of the personalities of the island, interests himself in the Kole malaria battle in a big way, thereby embarrassing the Government. Soureili's son Nabil, flashy but dynamic, sees his father's public spirit as a bid for power. This would exactly suit Nabil's own book—he sets afoot

revolutionary rumours, issues propaganda, finances a rival newspaper. He must stir up liberal feeling, stage a *coup d'état*, overthrow the Government, make his father President. Nabil, I think we are meant to take it, is fundamentally cynical and irresponsible; but he has, like others of his type, the power of appealing to idealism and of commanding people of generous soul. First Anna's sister, then guileless Anna herself, find themselves working for Nabil's ends. Meanwhile Pierre Bartas (chiefly to escape Anna) goes for a few days' holiday to Kole, meets the doctor, Pegia, and agrees to take him back in his car. Pegia, the one man who knows how bad the malaria situation is, *must* interview Soureili Pasha: he needs supplies and aid and hopes to stir up public opinion. But, on the drive to the city, the steering fails: out of control, the car crashes down a ravine. Bartas, who has been driving, leaps clear in time; Pegia, in spite of the warning cry, makes no effort to save himself and is dashed to death.

HAS this, on the doctor's part, been a passive suicide? Pierre Bartas, remembering Pegia's terrible despondency, is left to wonder. Still more, he recalls the doctor's last words—spoken when, shortly before the accident, they had pulled up to look at a vast, radiant, lovely country view.

"I do not count myself worthy to see all this," said the doctor. "We have to earn the world, and I have not earned it. See how these rocks and trees are alive just waiting to speak to me, but I can't hear them. A man has to create something to earn the right to live. I am not fit to look at anything beautiful."

... The doctor's words stuck. Pierre was to remember them. At the time of hearing them he was not aware of the depths of dissatisfaction

from which they were spoken, but the sentence in which Pegia proclaimed that a man had to create something in order to earn the right to live stood out from everything that had happened during their ride before the tragic accident; they struck deeply into him. They put out roots. They developed a significance that Pegia in uttering them had perhaps not conceived. To Pierre, after Pegia's death, they became something of a watchword. To create was to do something active and positive for human happiness. The labourer creates, the servant creates even though his work may be pointless. Creation, Pierre came to think, was the full achievement of what one was capable of. Pegia did not feel that he had justified himself. Pierre's interpretation of Pegia's words was undoubtedly affected by the fact that they were the last words he spoke before he died. He took them as a personal message for himself. For whom else could they have been intended?

Ironically, Pierre, returning to the city with this deep change in his own point of view, is to be suspected by the Nabil party of being a Government agent employed to murder Pegia, so that the doctor may not present his disturbing, incriminating report. When street-fighting breaks out, this unreal score is settled. . . . I take the underlying subject of *Agents and Witnesses* to be this—the division of human beings into "agents and witnesses," actors and onlookers. It is the soul of Pierre, would-be onlooker sucked towards action against his will, which is the battle-ground. The Gilbertian absurdity of the island's politics (for, somehow, one cannot take Nabil's revolution seriously: it seems a playboy's stunt) serves to throw individual inner crises, which are serious, into stronger relief.

Agents and Witnesses is a strong and disciplined novel; beautifully written, never dull, if sometimes, in a curious way, forbidding. I dislike making prophecies as to literary futures: for what my foresight may be worth, I should say that P. H. Newby, if he never becomes widely popular, will be more and more surely recognised as important.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

YOU will be wise to listen to a new recording of Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 (*Eroica*) played by the London Symphony Orchestra and reproduced with genuine artistry. The conductor is Victor de Sabata, who, prior to May 1946, was little known in this country. Here is a musician with the supreme technique of conducting. In my opinion he is greater than Toscanini. The records are Decca (K. 1507-13).

Recently Kirsten Flagstad made her re-appearance in England, and it is worth noting that His Master's Voice have reissued *Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster*, from Weber's *Oberon*, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Normandy accompanying. (DB. 3440).

A record of interest, because it is a first recording of Handel's *Total Eclipse*, from *Samson*, is made by Webster Booth, with orchestra conducted by Stanford Robinson. It is backed with *In Native Worth* from *The Creation*, by Haydn, and while I know Mr. Booth to be an accomplished singer, I regret that he has not done more than produce a workmanlike record this time. His Master's Voice (C. 3571).

Robert Tredinnick.

"A SUMMER IN BUENOS AIRES" (Cape; 8s. 6d.) has, as its title suggests, a four-square, solid, *non-imaginary* setting. This, again, is a second novel—author, Isobel Strachey, who made her *début* with the lively, if over-ingenuous *First Impressions*. I agree with Miss Strachey's publishers in their claim that this present book, *A Summer in Buenos Aires*, shows a considerable strengthening of her powers. Or, perhaps, I should rather say, chastening and steadying of those powers—which were, at the beginning, almost too much in evidence, not enough in control. Originally, Miss Strachey struck me as being violently, almost inordinately, in love with sensations for their own sakes—carried away by rendering these *ad lib.*, she seemed content to leave her actual characters somewhat insipid, will-less, pointless and shadowy.

It cannot be said that, even now, Miss Strachey is quite *out* of love with sensations, but in this second story, well told and compactly built, she gives them much more nearly their proper place. Which is not a place in the background: who dare say that it should be?—sensations (sights, smells, sounds, colour, heat, coolness, speed, etc.) do certainly not only mingle with, but add further meaning to, every fully-lived moment of human life. Only, I do think that the link between sensations, so fleeting, and the more continuous thoughts and emotions of the characters, in a novel, ought

REVIEWED HERE

"Agents and Witnesses"

"A Summer in Buenos Aires"

"Beautiful Friend"

to be established. And that, in the main, Miss Strachey is doing now.

Certainly, the intense heat, the contrasted dizzying glare and cool watered shadows of summer Buenos Aires would rather make, one can see, for drifting along. And Miss Bell, charming heroine of this book, is anyhow, temperamentally, a born drifter. Miss Bell (Violet, but seldom do we make so free as to call her that) is a young English governess: her charges are Veronica and Anne, daughters of the widower, Colonel Hamilton. To Colonel Hamilton—forty, a rigid type—the inevitable happens: he falls in love with, and proposes to, Miss Bell. Her attention, however, has been distracted by a fascinating Argentine of good family, Miguel—who can, or will, offer her nothing but illicit bliss. This, it need hardly be said, he does repeatedly do. Against these whirlwind tactics, combined with exquisite manners, sympathy, charm, has Colonel Hamilton's wooing—British, correct, inhibited—much chance?

MUCH of the story is told as seen through the eyes of the little girls: also, we have a chorus of Spanish servants in the Hamilton House. The life of the British colony in Buenos Aires—tea-parties, tennis club, Sunday church-going—is touched in with an exquisite, not (I think) too unkind funniness: also, we have a glimpse of the gayer British-cum-anglophile-Argentine younger married set. Few readers should fail to enjoy this novel.

"BEAUTIFUL FRIEND" (Pilot Press; 10s. 6d.), on the other hand, is not to be classed as "enjoyable": it is savage and dire, yet, somehow, difficult to put down. Its author, Richard Collier, still of no very great age, wrote this novel when he was nineteen. I think it a tribute to say, I had no idea (until, within a chapter or two of the end, I chanced to glance at the back inside of the wrapper) that this *was* the work of someone so very young. Certainly *Beautiful Friend* is not to be patronised as a mere engaging juvenile *tour de force*.

Mr. Collier, born in 1924, is of a generation for whom, intellectually and emotionally, war was to be a forcing-house—a generation mature, in many ways, before it was yet out of its 'teens. A touch of the pessimism and ruthlessness common to late adolescence whether in peace or war do, perhaps, from time to time hint at the author's age. Technically, he seems to know his craft as a writer extraordinarily well—there are no bad faults of structure; the characters "live" immediately; the dialogue is brisk.

The subject is, one man's wrecking of another man's life, within the frame of a so-called friendship. Here we have the underworld of the R.A.F.—scene, a camp called Hackbridge, outside London. "In the last war it was once more a repair depot; there was no spirit for flying in a town . . . gone sour with the memory of too many municipal quarrels, too many strings pulled, too many good men 'put down.'" The Hackbridge personnel, as here pictured, are awful: into this jungle arrive, together, Charles Nicholas, casual but dominating, and the younger Peter Montfort—weak, childish and vain, Nicholas's fate-appointed victim. We are to watch the demoralisation, betrayal and downfall of this hapless young man. Betty, with whom he has a love-affair, looks like saving him—till Nicholas messes up that too. . . . Can one person ruin another's life? It might be said, one can only ruin one's own. But this book makes the thing seem horribly likely.



SOMERSET MAUGHAM, who is now in his seventy-third year, has been spending a month in London prior to returning to his Riviera home at Cap Ferrat, where he will put the finishing touches to *Catalina*, the novel which he claims will be his last. Readers need not, however, despair. On the last occasion when the master was quoted as saying "I shall not write any more short stories," a new collection followed, and next month still more will see the light with the publication of *Creatures of Circumstance*. When asked about this apparent discrepancy, Maugham is said to have explained, "I didn't say 'any.' That was a printer's error. What I wrote was, 'I shall not write many more short stories.'"

Major H. A. Freeth's magnificent etching of the author, reproduced above, is exhibited in this year's Royal Academy, where its bold and masterly style has been attracting much comment.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Tomlinson — Busi

Mr. John Michael Tomlinson, son of the late Mr. H. H. Tomlinson, and Mrs. Tomlinson, of Neston, Cheshire, married Miss Elvira Mary (Molly) Busi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Domingor Busi, of the Gables, Willaston-in-Wirral, at Christ Church, Willaston, Wirral



Llewellyn — Dorrien Smith

The Rev. William Somers Llewellyn, elder son of the late Mr. Owen John Llewellyn, and of Mrs. Llewellyn, of the Vicarage, Badminton, Gloucestershire, married Miss Innis Mary Dorrien Smith, second daughter of Maj. and Mrs. A. A. Dorrien Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Faller — Sheridan

Mr. John Benson Faller, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Faller, of Benton House, Worplesdon Hill, Surrey, married Miss Mary Sheridan, daughter of Sir Joseph Sheridan, Chief Justice of Kenya, and of Lady Sheridan, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Daiches — Bernstein

Mr. Lionel Henry Daiches, M.A., LL.B., son of the late Rev. Dr. Salis Daiches, and Mrs. Flora Daiches, of 10, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, married Miss Dorothy Estelle Bernstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bernstein, of 59, Hanover Gate Mansions, Regent's Park



Masters — Ingleson

Major Alexander Masters, 1st K.G.V.O. Gurkha Rifles, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. John Masters, of Uplyme, Devon, married Miss Joan Ingleson, daughter of Mr. Philip Ingleson, C.M.G., M.B.E., M.C., and of Mrs. Ingleson, of 48, Cottesmore Court, London, W.8, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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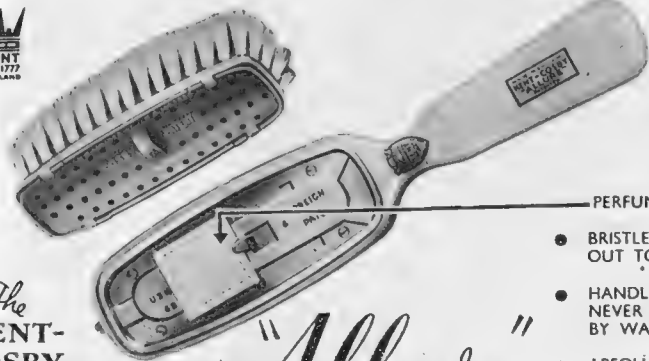
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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

Simple suits call for the colour accent of a scarf. Jacqmar have lately presented the two new designs illustrated. Both are in pure silk and in brilliant and varied combinations of colouring. The scarf at the top of the page has been especially dedicated by Jacqmar to Yolande Donlan, the spirited star of *Born Yesterday*. In our picture Miss Donlan is wearing it with a Victor Stiebel suit in dark-grey suiting

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Eileen Sybil Phipps, daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, of Chalcot, Westbury, Wiltshire, whose engagement is announced to Lt.-Col. Philip Kingsmill Parbury, D.S.O., M.C., of Wollogong, New South Wales, Australia, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Parbury



Miss Rosemary Janet Wallis, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. (Dick) Wallis, M.C., and Mrs. Wallis, of Dicketts, St. Catherine's Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, who is to be married at the end of July to Mr. James Francis Asser, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Asser, of Vancouver, B.C.



Bassano

Miss Norah Rosemary Carol Figgis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Figgis, of Oak Hatch, 21 Edwards Road, Bromley, Kent, is to be married on July 19 to Major Rodney Hewitt Parsons, R.A., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Parsons, of Chislehurst, Kent



Pearl Freeman

Miss Penelope Ann Hawkings, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hawkings, of 79 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1, who is to be married in July to Mr. Derek Gerald Ryan, only surviving son of Sir Gerald Ryan, Bt., of Chattisham Hall, near Ipswich, and of the late Mrs. Hylda Ryan



Lenare

Miss Priscilla Downes Kent and Mr. Peter John Liddell, D.S.C., who are being married today. Miss Downes Kent is the daughter of Mr. Ormond W. Downes of Beverly Hills, California, and of Mrs. Lawrence R. Kent, of 51 South Street, W.1 and New York City. Mr. Liddell is the son of Commander and Mrs. L. C. Liddell, of The Knoll House, Wimborne



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on FLYING

ONCE again I am in the pleasant position of being able to hand an enormous bouquet to British Overseas Airways. A friend has just returned from a journey of 45,000 kilometres, taking him from here to Australia and New Zealand, then across the Pacific around America, and finally back to England, and he cannot speak too highly of B.O.A.C. flying boat crews.

He is also strongly in favour of the flying boat as a more pleasing transport vehicle than the landplane. The landplanes he used were mostly American, and we all know that as aircraft they are superlatively good. But this passenger, in common, as I believe, with most passengers, found that being pinned in your seat with little to look at besides a wing and a couple of engine nacelles for hours on end, was a barbarous form of travel.

The flying boat has a better arrangement of the seats; it has room for the passengers to get up and walk about and it provides a more pleasing and better lighted cabin interior. What in the world misleads our official experts into discouraging flying boat development and the Corporations into exhibiting a preference for landplanes, I cannot imagine. It was one of our most serious blunders and it will take some time to recover from its effects.

Civilize the Schedules

LORD KNOLLYS, while he was still chief executive (which seems to be modern business jargon for managing director) of B.O.A.C., said that the intention was to give the passenger comfort and a pleasant trip rather than an ultra-high speed journey.

That is sound policy for Britain at the moment. We shall not compete for a period with the Americans in making really high-speed air liners. But we may be able to compete in giving comfortable and highly civilized services. For these the flying boat is the only aircraft.

But there is another thing besides the vehicle. It

concerns the schedule. The existing service to Australia is not an ultra-high speed service and does not pretend to be. That is left to the Lancastrians. Yet the flying boat schedule is drastic. It entails the queerest hours of rising and going to bed. Would it not be better to take two days longer for the journey, and arrange a really easy schedule?

The point is that women will not be persuaded to use air transport on the long range routes unless the schedules as well as the vehicles are civilized. Men passengers can put up with a few days of rough-and-ready living, and even enjoy it; but not so women.

B.O.A.C. has extremely fine crews. They give their passengers confidence and they also look after their passengers. B.O.A.C. has efficient arrangements on the routes. So I would like to see the only feature of the flying boat services which I have heard criticized, studied and set right; that is the drastic schedule.

Growing Guild

THE Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire (a title that almost demands refuelling on the way) is growing in size and authority. It now has more than 1,500 pilots and navigators as members, and its status in relation to the City Guilds is being reviewed.

I hope that in its dealings with the Government the Guild will take a firm line. Pilots require protection more nowadays than ever before for there is a fatal tendency to blame the shortcomings (and especially the accidents) on to the pilots while praising the authorities for the successes of civil aviation.

In this matter the British Air Line Pilots' Association has been doing good work. I am always assured that B.A.L.P.A. and the Guild are not in competition, but serve slightly different purposes; but in some things they do appear to have identical interests. Anyhow, both will be judged by what they actually achieve in improving the pilot's and the navigator's position.



Air Chief Marshal Lord Tedder talking to Major-General Clayton Bissel and Col. G. Sommers, Officer Commanding the American Bomber Group, on the arrival of the nine Super Fortresses of the U.S.A.A.F. at Marham, Norfolk, R.A.F. station. The crews were over here on a goodwill visit until June 16

French Visitors

IN inviting a small party of French aviation journalists over to England for a ten days' visit, the Air Ministry made a most praiseworthy gesture. And I gather the party saw many things of interest at de Havilland's works, at certain Royal Air Force stations, at the Bomber Command "museum" operations room, and at Farnborough.

It was a pity that Monsieur Maroselli, the French Air Minister, was unable to come over as originally arranged, but I think that the visit was a success and that the visitors enjoyed themselves as much as is possible in this controlled and regulation-ridden land.

Among those who came over was my friend Monsieur Février, who writes for *l'Aérophile* among other papers, General Chassin, who is responsible for an air review rather on the lines of our *R.A.F. Quarterly*, and Messieurs Charriou, Frugier, Laurent, Blanc, Delage and Tournaux. Colonel Roche d'Esterz came over with the party but was only able to stay one day.

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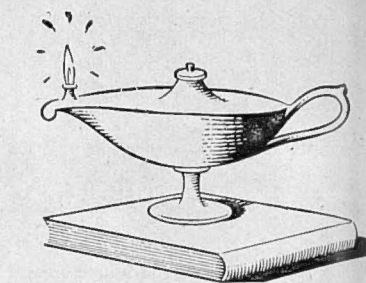
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Infants' and Children's garments of highest quality and artistry.

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Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these harassing days. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

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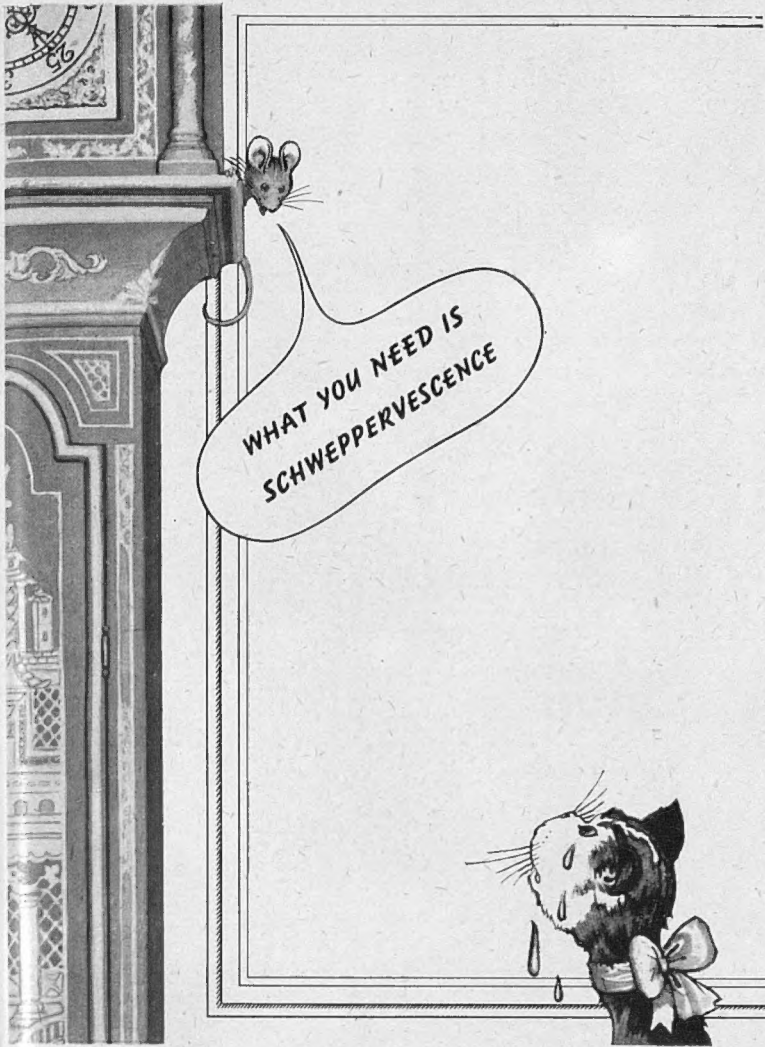
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Suspicious, dirty and friendless, her miserable basement room was shut against visitors. The Salvation Army Slum sister gained Liza's confidence, persuading her to be "cleaned up". Liza was cared for at a Salvation Army centre while another room was found, and with a clean home, self-respect restored, new friends and interests, her old age is no longer warped and lonely.

*Only the name is fictitious

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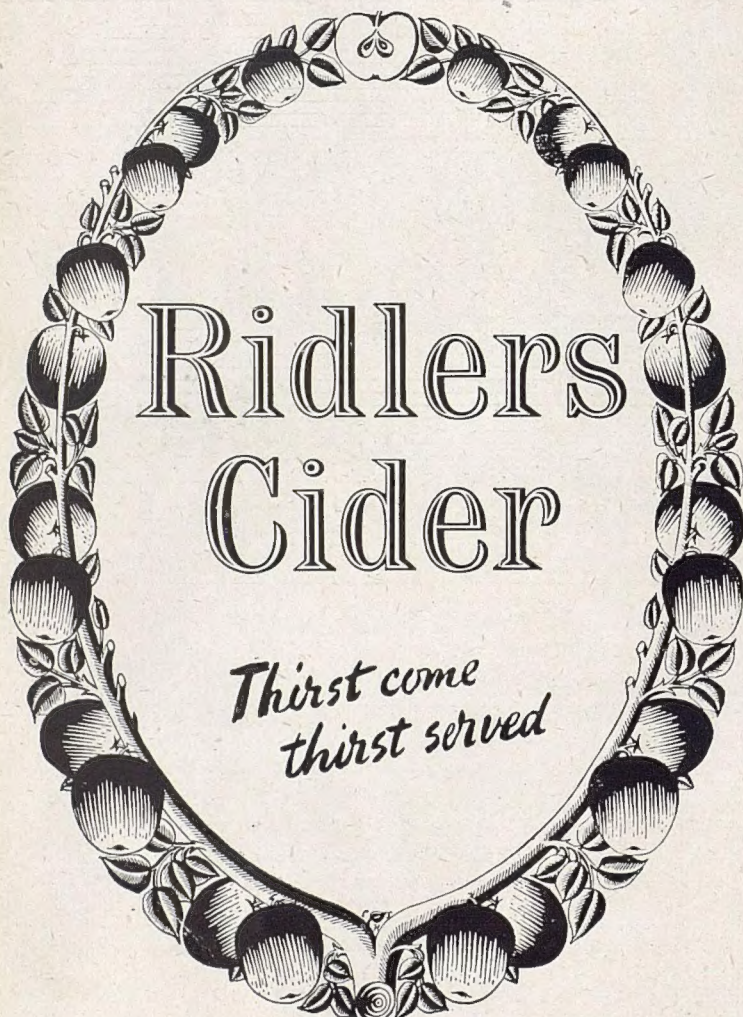
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